

# THE Front Door Yard OF OUR COUNTRY

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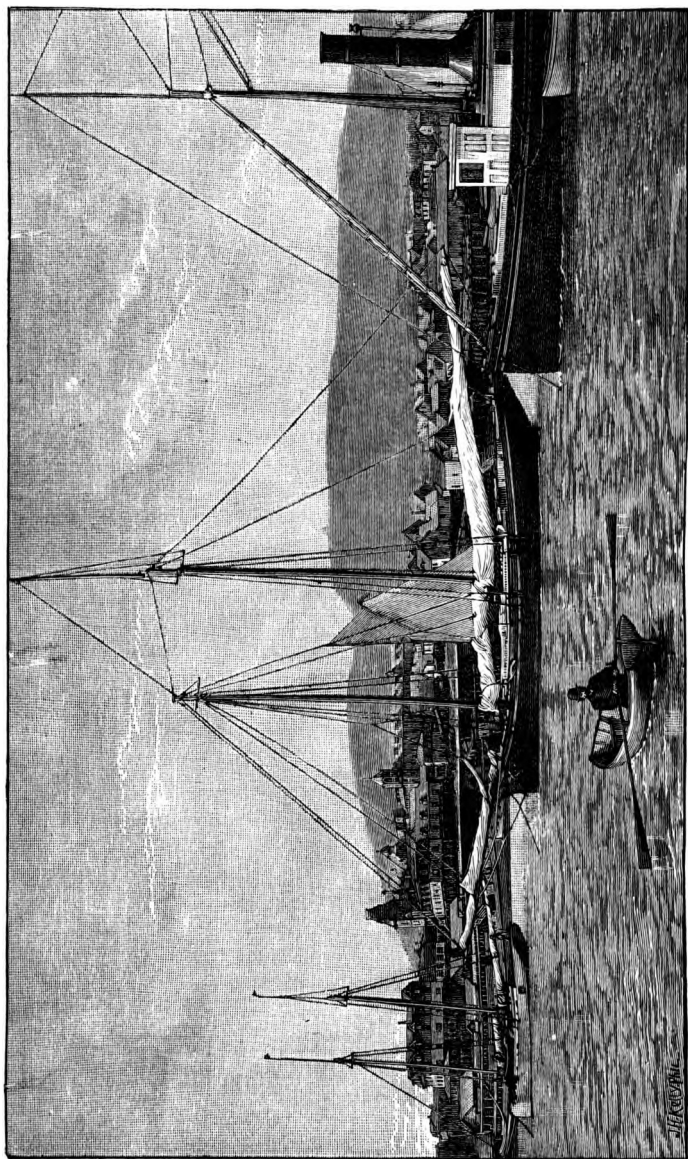
Maine Central  
R.R.



*W. A. Supply Co. Boston.*







AT ANCHOR OFF BAR HARBOR.



THE  
FRONT DOOR-YARD  
OF  
OUR COUNTRY,  
AND  
WHAT IT CONTAINS.

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LOOK WITHIN FOR GLIMPSES OF MAINE AND  
THE PROVINCES.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.  
ARTHUR SEWALL, PRESIDENT.  
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PORTLAND, MAINE.

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## CHAPTER I.

# DISTINGUISHING FEATURES OF THE DOOR-YARD.

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"And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air."



MAINE, with its far northern situation, its clear, bracing air, its pure water, its magnificent scenery of mountain, lake, hill-side and valley, rugged sea-coast and forest primeval combined, offers charms for the tourist, pleasure-seeker and sportsman, not possessed by any other part of the country. To other States of our noble confederation, God with lavish hand has bestowed his blessings: to one, vast fields of grain; to another, mines of precious metals; to another, coal; to the South, cotton-lands; yet on Maine he has bestowed the manifold charms of natural beauty.

Many of the most distinguished writers of song and story have taken their theme from Maine. Her grand natural beauties have inspired such immortal verse as that of Longfellow and Whittier. Thoreau, that distinguished traveler and writer, draws some of his most famous word-pictures from scenes amid Maine's forests, and cool retreats of mountains, sea and lake. Artists have transferred upon canvas her sylvan scenes and wild, picturesque beauty, to decorate salon and palace; while the traveler of one summer carries away such grand impressions that enthusiastically he expatiates upon Maine's attractions until his hearers are inspired with a desire to go and do likewise. Thus year after year an ever-increasing throng have turned their faces toward "The Pine Tree State," until every part of our grand country is here represented in the season, and the reappearance of familiar faces each succeeding year fully attests the pleasure and profit—in renewed health and vigor—which induces the visitor of one season to repeat his trip, until finally Maine becomes his recognized summer home.

Scattered throughout the entire State, but predominating at Mt. Desert, are palatial summer cottages owned by residents of far-away cities, who bring here their establishment at the commencement of the season, to remain long after the tide of tourist travel has subsided. Yet that Maine receives so many representatives from the *elite* and wealth of our country, it must not be inferred that only this class may enjoy her beauties and benefits; none are debarred; her summer homes invite all, — the artisan as well as the capitalist, the wage-worker with the professional man. No fabulous sums need necessarily be squandered to insure your happiness here. Fancy prices are not the rule in Maine, and her visitors receive a cordial and honest welcome.

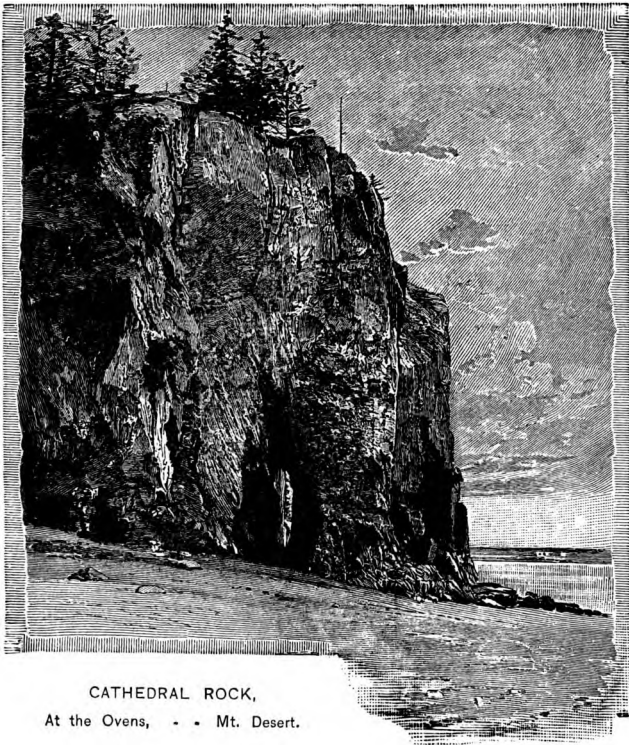
A prominent railroad manager remarked not long since that Maine was the front door-yard of New England, and was fast becoming the playground of the whole country. The front door-yard indeed, and how full of beauty! What landscape gardener can hope to rival the arts here displayed by the hand of Nature? The playground of the country, and of such a country! Itself filled with beauties of Nature; grand and sublime in many instances, but never so diversified as here. Add to this the health-giving breezes, fresh from the deep pine forests or off the bosom of the mighty sea, cooled by the northern ocean to a temperature which renders the torrid heat of southern cities a thing unknown to Maine, even at midsummer. Here no cyclone sweeps over the fair plains and mountain ranges. No hurricane rends the translucent air. No malarial disease or wasting fever epidemic stalks abroad, but the attractive and home-like summer resorts hold out inviting hands to those who wish to escape from cankering and corroding care, and enjoy Nature amid some of the grandest scenes the God of Nature has fashioned.

Nearly half of fair New England's area is occupied by the State of Maine, with its twenty million acres, — a vast, irregular territory, bordering the ocean upon one side, and running northward in the shape of a wedge which cuts deep into Canada, extending nearly to the St. Lawrence River. In area it is about equal to Scotland, Ireland, South Carolina or Indiana, and is one-eighth the size of Texas.

From Quoddy Head, its most eastern point, to Kittery Point, at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which separates it from New Hampshire, its coast line stretches away, broken by a most wonderful network of bays and inlets, until what in a straight line represents a distance of two hundred and seventy-eight miles is swelled to nearly three thousand miles by these irregularities, thus giving Maine the distinction of possessing more miles of sea-coast than any other State in the Union, — California and Florida not excepted.

This rugged shore is nowhere duplicated; differing entirely from the greater part of the Atlantic sea-board, with its low sandy or marshy beaches, it stands rough-hewn by the hands of Nature from the rocky ribs of Maine. Like a vast fringe the projecting capes and

promontories extend far out into the sea, while between them the deep-blue neighboring ocean thrusts its waters, lapping with a ceaseless motion her way farther and still farther inland. From time immemorial this ceaseless agent has been at work, when the Pyramids were new, and before the foot of European pressed these rocky strands, until the powerful tides have woven passages for the sea through and about the outer fringe of headlands, and pressing on have left their fragments behind in the form of countless islands, which dot the coast in every direction.



Here upon the sea-coast dwell thousands of Maine's hardy sons, the boldest among New England seamen, skilled navigators of fully one-third of our American shipping. The commander of more than one transatlantic steamer, and the chosen among the thousands to command the floating palaces of the Bennetts, Goulds and Astors, all date their birth and early training from the many ports among the bays and

islands along the coast of Maine. From out these ports in days agone have sailed many a fair ship, fashioned by sons of Maine from timber grown in her forests; with white wings spread, these ships, manned also by sons of Maine, have penetrated every sea, and returned laden with the wealth of India and far Cathay. Visitors to many an old-fashioned mansion, standing a monument to an industry passed away, will find treasured there relics of barbarism in the form of old India idols and strange weapons, which serve to remind one of the days when Maine's chief industry was in her ships, and her principal markets the East and West Indies.

At the head of the bays and upon the banks of the larger navigable rivers one finds the larger towns of the State, about which are the homes of the greater part of the six hundred thousand citizens of Maine. Upon these rivers everywhere, where the great water-power of the State is produced by the streams breaking through rocky barriers which send them fretting and hurrying through their channels, are found the large manufacturing cities of Maine; great knots of factories clustered about the falls, and surrounded by the homes of operatives.

Farther back rises the unbroken forest, vast and deep, in which States might be concealed; larger by seven times than the famous Black Forest of Germany, and covering two-thirds of the area of the State. Hidden within these shaded wilds are over fifteen hundred lakes, covering one-fifth of the area of the State with pure and pellucid waters, abounding in game-fish of various kinds, and surrounded on all sides by noble scenery of forests and mountains. The wonderful natural beauty of these hidden sources of the mighty rivers, together with the sport the capture of their finny denizens offers the angler, form one of the great attractions of "the playground of our country," and draws to these woodland retreats thousands of visitors every summer. As the *Boston Advertiser* truly says:—

"The attractions of Maine, inland and on the coast, draw with equal force the southerner and the Pacific coast traveler, even if they do not yet respond in large numbers, while no section or Commonwealth fails to be represented each year in those healthful and charming spots in which Maine abounds. The Maine shores and hills advertise themselves to visitors with a success that no guide-book can attain. Thus the contributions to the wealth of the State from this source represent what amounts to a national interest in the resources which summer light and shade beautify and reveal."

Let us glance at some of the ornamental displays to be found in our Front Door-yard.

## ITS LAKES.

Like its river systems, — which will be considered later, — the lake systems of Maine are remarkable for their extent, character and picturesqueness. Connected as they are with the river systems, they form an immense chain of reservoirs, affording storage for the vast



quantities of water needed by the rivers and streams, and the grand water-powers which they afford. There are but three or four places on the globe, not more extensive than Maine, upon which an equal number of lakes and ponds are to be found. No State map ever published gives anywhere near a correct representation of the extraordinary number of these lakes; and to get an idea of their sizes and numbers, the county maps, as well as the numerous maps in manuscript of the timber and incorporated lands found in the archives of lumber companies, must be studied. The total of those represented upon the best maps is not less than 1,620; and this does not include the multitude of small lakes and ponds scattered about the State in such profusion that almost every neighborhood and school district boasts one, and not including a large number in the unexplored wild lands not laid down in any published map. These lakes possess, at the lowest possible estimate, a combined water surface of 2,300 square miles, so that the State has more lake surface than a million square miles of the United States situated in the central and western central districts; or in other words, Maine has one lake to each 20 square miles of territory, and one square mile of lake to each 13.3 square miles of territorial area. This large water surface, together with the vast ocean front which the State presents, renders the climate devoid, even in the summer months, of the dry burning heat so often experienced in other sections of the country and in the densely populated cities.

Below is given a classification of these lakes, showing the river system with which they are connected and through which each finds its outlet to the sea:—

| SYSTEMS.           | Number of<br>lakes con-<br>nected with<br>the system. | Aggregate<br>area.   |
|--------------------|---|----------------------|
|                    |   | <i>Square miles.</i> |
| Saco.....          | 109   | 84                   |
| Androscoggin ..    | 148   | 313                  |
| Kennebec .....     | 311   | 450                  |
| Penobscot .....    | 467   | 585                  |
| Saint Croix.....   | 61  | 150                  |
| Saint John .....   | 206   | 350                  |
| Denney's .....     | 22  | 38                   |
| Machias .....      | 56  | 68                   |
| Narraguagus .....  | 38  | 25                   |
| Union .....        | 43  | 60                   |
| Saint George ..... | 72  | 50                   |
| Presumpscot .....  | 45  | 97                   |
| Royal .....        | 6   | 4                    |
| Mousam .....       | 14  | 10                   |
| Piscataqua .....   | 22  | 16                   |
|                    | 1,620   | 2,300                |

It would be difficult to find a more picturesque scene than is afforded by these woodland lakes. Broad, deep, forest shaded; with



LAKE MARANACOOK GROVE.

waters always cool even in the heat of summer, unpolluted by any substance foreign to the woods, hills and sky. Such are Sebago and Eagle lakes,—the former supplying the city of Portland and the latter Bar Harbor with water which is pronounced by chemists absolutely pure. From the decks of steamers plying the surface of Sebago or Eagle lakes the hard rock or sandy bottom can be plainly seen, even at the depth of sixty feet. Deep water is a peculiarity of Maine lakes.

So great is the lake surface of the State, that the inhabitants recognize only those of vast area by the distinguishing name of "lake." Bodies of water which in other parts of our country would be the admiration of all, are here termed "ponds." Such are the magnificent chain of lakes, ten in number, extending from the vicinity of Norridgewock, through the towns of Oakland, Belgrade, Readfield, Winthrop and Monmouth, in each of which towns the Maine Central Railroad has its stations. Beside the shores of the lakes, which are plainly discernible from its car windows, the trains of the Maine Central wind for miles, now crossing the streams which connect the chain, now losing them to sight for a brief moment only to emerge again into a broader, fairer, clearer view. These lakes are connected by streams which allow of passage by boat from one to another through the entire chain. Cobbossee-Contee and Messalonskee, with their fine bass fishing, and Maranacook, with its attractions for excursion parties, form part of the chain. Lake Maranacook has quite recently come into prominence as an excursion ground, its central location allowing it to be visited by parties from over almost the entire State, from whence the numerous trains of the Maine Central bring and return them safely home the same day. Here all that money can do to add to the natural attractions of the spot has been accomplished by the Maine Central Railroad, who have made of it the finest picnic grounds in the country, and offer its free use and facilities of enjoyment to all excursionists. Here one is ever reminded of the old song:—

"O forest, green and fair,  
O pine trees waving high,  
How sweet your cool retreat,  
How full of rest."

For bordering the lake rises the finest grove that the State affords. Maranacook affords a famous course for boat racing, being pronounced by celebrated scullers the best water in New England for the purpose.

Such lakes as Moosehead and the celebrated Rangeley chain have acquired a wide reputation, both for the hunting and fishing grounds there to be enjoyed, and again for their quiet woodland splendor, where lovers of Nature may worship in her first temples.

"Abused mortals! did you know  
 Where joy, heart's ease and comforts grow,  
     You'd scorn proud towers  
     And seek them in these bowers,  
 Where winds, sometimes, our woods may shake,  
 But blustering care could never tempest make;  
     Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
     Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Blest silent groves, oh may you be,  
 Forever, mirth's best nursery!  
     May pure contents  
     Forever pitch their tents  
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains;  
 And peace still slumber by these fountains,  
     Which we may every year  
     Meet, when we come a-fishing here."

—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

And now passes the reader to consideration of other features; to return again and consider more fully the advantages as a summer retreat, or hunting and fishing ground, of Maine's forest lakes.

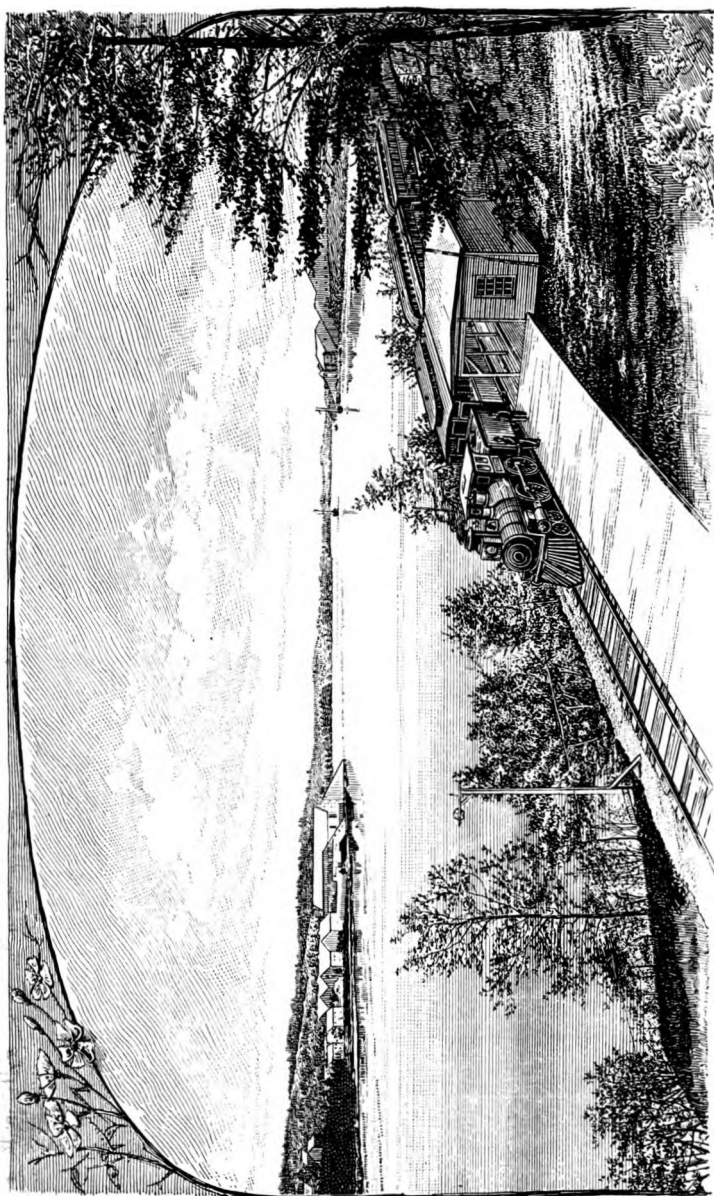
## ITS RIVERS.

Flowing through "Our Door-yard" from these sources are Maine's rivers and streams, 5,151 of which have a place upon the State map. With its combined rivers and lakes, Maine ranks third in point of water area among the States in the Union, Minnesota and Utah alone exceeding it. Of the three principal rivers, the Androscoggin has a length of 157 miles, with seven main tributaries, with a united length of 165 miles. The gross measurement of the Androscoggin is 85,200 horse-power, or 3,746,600 spindles. The Kennebec, from Moosehead Lake to the ocean, is 155 miles in length; from the source of Moose River, its tributary, to the sea, 227 miles. The descent of the river, from Moosehead Lake to the tide, 1,023 feet in a distance of 112 miles, being a greater fall than that of any other large river in the State. The capacity of the river is 101,000 horse-power, or 4,040,000 spindles, the annual discharge of water being 236,000,000,000 cubic feet.

In the year 1866, at the time of the greatest drouth, 130,000 cubic feet per minute passed the Augusta dam.

The Penobscot basin has an area of 8,200 square miles, by far the longest river district contained wholly within the State. In length it is 300 miles, and the estimated annual discharge 319,800,000,000 cubic feet. At Bangor the volume of the river is 146,250 cubic feet per minute, or equivalent to 55,600 horse-power, 2,224,000 spindles.

Probably no river in the United States, aside from the Mississippi or the Hudson, has the world-wide reputation of the Kennebec. Its ice product exceeds that of any other section of the country; its ships carry this same product to every quarter of the globe. The brows of



KENNEBEC RIVER AND ICE HOUSES, FROM DRESDEN CAMP-GROUND STATION.

fevered patients in Indian bungalows are cooled by Kennebec ice. The East Indian, the West Indian, the Australian, South American, Mexican or Spanish banquet ices are made from Kennebec ice; while the wines and drinking water of tropical countries are rendered pleasant and palatable by this same product of the frozen river.

It is with the Kennebec that the tourist via Maine Central comes most closely in contact. Having its source in Moosehead Lake, the largest in New England, its waters are pure and transparent, as the following scientific analysis will show:—

#### ANALYSIS OF KENNEBEC RIVER WATER.

Total solid matter in solution, 2.43 grains per U. S. gallon; of this, 1.45 grains are mineral, and .98 organic. The organic matter is entirely vegetable, and gives the slightly brown color to the water. The mineral matter is made up as follows:—

|                                       |              |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Silica.....                           | .17 grains   |
| Carbonate of Calcium.....             | .69 “        |
| Carbonate of Magnesia.....            | .23 “        |
| Carbonate of Iron.....                | .14 “        |
| Carbonate of Sodium of Potassium..... | .22 “        |
| Chloride of Sodium.....               | trace.       |
| Sulphate of Sodium and Potassium..... | trace.       |
|                                       | —            |
|                                       | 1.45 grains. |

(Signed)

F. C. ROBINSON,

*Assayer for State of Maine.*

As compared with other rivers, its purity is shown as follows:—

|   | Total Impurities.<br>Grains in U. S. gallons. |
|---|---|
| Kennebec River, at Pumping Station.....                 | 2.43  |
| Androscoggin River.....                                 | 2.48  |
| Fairmont and Schuylkill, Philadelphia.....              | 3.50  |
| Delaware, Philadelphia.....                             | 3.52  |
| Croton, New York.....                                   | 4.78  |
| Potomac, Washington.....                                | 5.59  |
| Hudson, Albany.....                                     | 6.12  |
| Pawtuxet, Providence.....                               | 2.14  |
| Ohio, Cincinnati... ..                                  | 6.74  |
| Passaic, Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, Hudson City..... | 7.44  |
| Genessee, Rochester.....                                | 8.95  |
| Merrimac, Lowell.....                                   | 2.57  |

The State Board of Health, after a careful and scientific examination of the water, pronounce it surprisingly pure. The wells and other sources of water supply have generally been abandoned, and the water from the river used for all drinking and domestic purposes.

Navigable from its mouth to Gardiner, and for small craft to Augusta, — and above there but for the dams, — the mighty river is the theatre of a busy scene, both at the season when it is closed by ice, when harvesting is in progress, and again in summer, when vessel after



vessel lies in the stream waiting its turn to approach the mammoth houses where the season's crop is stored, and receive their cargo, then away to carry chunks of solid comfort to the denizens of far-away sun-baked cities, both of our own and foreign countries.

This animated scene may be witnessed daily from the trains of the Maine Central, which follows closely the sinuous windings of the Kennebec for miles; catching the first glimpse of it at a point just above Richmond, 45 miles east of Portland, and bearing it steadily in sight until shortly after the city of Waterville, 36 miles beyond, is passed; meanwhile crossing the stream twice on magnificent iron bridges,—one at Augusta, the capital of the State, and again at Waterville. The tracks of the Maine Central bring the traveler into close communication with the three large rivers of Maine,—the Androscoggin, Kennebec and Penobscot.

Except in crossing the stream at Brunswick, the passenger via the main line of the system sees nothing of the Androscoggin, which is revealed to the patrons of the Lewiston and Farmington route.

The Penobscot is first seen from the train approaching Bangor from the west at a point directly below that city, and is lost again, after crossing it and leaving Bangor, to those en route to Mt. Desert. It is to the traveler east from Bangor, toward the Provinces, that the Penobscot is revealed in all its power. The tracks follow the river,—crossing from the west to the east shore at Oldtown,—until Mattawamkeag, 59 miles from Bangor, is reached. Smaller rivers and streams almost innumerable are crossed by the Maine Central trains, and it may afford some degree of comfort to the traveler to know that each and every bridge upon the Maine Central is composed of iron and steel.

There is hardly a stream in Maine but affords fine fishing. They, with the lakes and ponds, are the home of the trout, bass and land-locked salmon.

## ITS MOUNTAINS.

Our Door-yard is not so rough but the lightest feet may tread the by-ways with ease.

The principal mountains in the State are included in a district approximately triangular in form, vertices of which fall respectively near Fryeburg, the Bald Mountain ridge and Mar's Hill, the sides being respectively 125, 135 and 240 miles long, and the area of the whole about 6,600 square miles.

The highest mountain, Katahdin, is 5,248 feet high, standing in the sixth rank on the scale of elevation adopted by the Coast Survey.

The characteristics of the mountains of Maine are that they do not consist of ridges, but of peaks, more or less conical in form, standing sometimes in isolation, as Katahdin, and sometimes in short ranges, of greater or less continuity. Their summits are generally bald rock, and about their bases they are quite invariably heavily wooded.

In addition to Mt. Katahdin, the chief mountains of Maine are Mt. Abraham, Mt. Saddleback, Mt. Bigelow, Mt. Blue, Russell Mountains and Mt. Haystack. These form a group in the northwestern part of the State, in Somerset and Franklin counties.

Maine is not a mountainous State. Its surface is broken by hills, and in some parts is quite uneven; yet from the ridge or water-shed which forms the western boundary between the State and Canada it slopes gently to the coast. It presents, notwithstanding this, two singular features almost phenomenal. They are the peaks of Mt. Desert, rising literally from the sea, and Mt. Kineo, lifting its head perpendicularly from the surrounding waters of Moosehead Lake. As both Mt. Desert Island and Moosehead Lake are to be considered at length individually, their physical features will be fully described later on in this work; while Katahdin — that king of the Maine peaks — deserves much more than a passing show. Situated between the east and west branch of the Penobscot River, in the far northeastern corner of the State, amid unbroken forests, Katahdin rears its head high above every elevation in Maine, and calmly notes the progress with which our playground is being filled, content to abide the time when it too shall be sought by weary pilgrims, anxious to escape the fashionable resorts of the playground, and enjoy quiet and rest, "far from the madding crowd." The lumberman's axe soon must clear the way. The primeval forest, as yet untouched save by the hands of Nature, holds riches in her lumber which soon must yield to man's dictation.

The ascent of Katahdin to the summit may be made in one day. The usual route is a rude path from near the confluence of the West Branch and Sandy Stream below Chesuncook Lake. The more direct traveler's ride is from Mattawamkeag to Sherman Village and Katahdin Lake, fifty miles, and then ascend the wildest and most formidable side, tramping for eight or ten miles. Above the slides which scar the slopes of Katahdin is a long mossy plateau from which rise the two peaks; along the plateau and up the steep peaks no trees grow; the timber line is passed; beyond this point vegetation becomes more scanty until the rocky summit is reached. From this lofty watch-tower are visible five hundred lakes, scattered in all directions upon the, from this height, apparent greensward of the low-lying forest, resembling a mirror broken into fragments and scattered upon the grass.

Nestling at Katahdin's feet are numerous lakes and streams, whose gamey denizens have never yielded to man's allurements with rod and fly. Great attractions here exist for the sportsman who desires large game, for the angler, and for the lover of Nature. The calm, picturesque beauty of the region round about Katahdin is proverbial, and when the forest shall give way to man's dominion, then will this fair garden of northern Maine put on her deserved title, and become a noted mountain resort.

## HOW TO GET THERE.

"Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?"

With this topographic sketch of the State in general, we pass to an individual description of the many pleasant and attractive summer resorts, with their diversity of entertainment. Here the sportsman finds his paradise in dense forests abounding with game, and streams teeming with the salmon, trout and bass. The devotees to society may find at Bar Harbor the ceaseless round of pleasure, but interspersed with healthful exercise in the open air, in canoeing, yachting, riding and driving, which, together with the glorious sea air direct from the bosom of old Ocean, imparts to the pallid cheek a ruddy glow, and soon dispels the *ennui* engendered by the round of city life. Indeed all, whatever inclination may have led them forth, can find in the multitudinous resorts of Maine their particular fancy, so diversified are the possibilities of the State to please.



NEW UNION STATION AT PORTLAND.

While discussing each resort, it will be well also to bear in mind the very important feature of travel; and it is hoped that this little book may here serve its purpose, and truthfully point out, in connection with the attractions of the place, the pathway through our Door-yard by which they may be reached most advantageously.

The Maine Central Railroad, the great steel thoroughfare of the State, with its main line and branches stretching out from Portland, the threshold of Maine for all purposes of tourist travel, toward every part of the State, reaches or leads up to all the summer resorts and resting retreats of this the playground of our country east of Portland.

It provides a most excellent train service, with close connections at junction points with other roads, and the traveler upon any of its numerous trains need have no fear of delays or connections lost. Its record for promptness in train service, speed without accident, and careful attention to the comfort of its patrons, is unsurpassed by any line in the country.

Upon its rails the traveler may find a rolling stock unrivaled. Large, powerful engines, fitted with every appliance known to the machinist's craft, the very sight of which insures safety and speedy journeying; cars of the company's own make, large, well ventilated, dust-proof, and with upholstery the best; fitted with air-brakes, Miller couplers, and electric signals to the engine. To recline upon the seat of such a car, and gaze from the large, clear windows upon such glorious scenery as is presented when the train rolls along the bank of the Androscoggin, Kennebec or Penobscot rivers, or beside the well-cultivated fields of nodding grain; or, as is sometimes the case, past fields of grass which present almost the appearance of a field of snow, so predominant are the white swaying blossoms of the field-daisy; to sit thus hour after hour, with book on lap to relieve the landscape at times, while the train rolls along so smoothly on the mighty rails of steel that the very motion is a pleasure, is a fair preface to the enjoyment of an outing in Maine, which makes the rail journey, usually so much dreaded by the traveler, a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.

Given a beautiful summer day upon the through express, with its dozen or more cars, every door of which is thrown wide to the summer breeze, presenting an unobstructed view to the traveler of car after car filled with merry faces of passengers, each one keenly alive to the exhilarating air and motion, unannoyed by dust, smoke or cinders, for whatever of these annoyances escape the great spark-arrester of the locomotive are shot high in air by the straight stack, only to fall long after the train has passed; to watch the gently swaying floors of the cars preceding or following yours, their snake-like motion as they follow the rail along the bank of the sinuous river, all serve to break the monotony of the ordinary rail journey, and make the trip one to be recalled with pleasure as one of the most enjoyable days of the outing.

For time of trains departing and their arrival at the chosen goal, the traveler's attention is called to the folders issued by the Passenger Department, and procurable at all the principal ticket offices throughout the country.

## CHAPTER II.

## MT. DESERT ISLAND.

"O evergreen isle, O isle of the sea,  
My heart in its longings turns ever to thee.  
O wonderful isle, with glimmering sheen,  
The rarest and fairest that ever was seen."



MT. DESERT ISLAND lies on the coast of Maine, one hundred and ten miles by water east of Portland, and one hundred and eighty miles by the rail route, via Bangor and Mt. Desert Ferry. To fitly describe the special features of Mt. Desert, which seem to here culminate the wonders of the whole rugged coast line, would necessitate the employment of poetic fancy to convey to the reader an adequate idea of the odd, yet beautiful, features of this strange mountain-crowned isle. Tall mountain peaks rising abruptly from the sea upon the one side, yet with heavily timbered slopes stretching downward to and surrounding some clear lake whose mirrored surface pictures the encircling cliffs, are features here; for at no other place on the Atlantic coast is presented such a rare combination of scenery. Blended into one grand picture are mountain and sea, frowning precipice and gentle, smiling meadow, swelling ocean dashing into foam its billows 'gainst the mighty crags rising seaward, which have stood these assaults of Nature for centuries, and smooth mountain lakes, sheltered by the surrounding shores, so clear, so pure, that the finny tribe sporting in its waters "full fathoms deep" are plainly discernible from the surface.

Upon Mt. Desert the traveler can in one short hour pass from the gay whirl of society into silent and shadowy glens, where the voices of Nature are undisturbed, or to a rockbound shore where the restless waves of old Ocean break with ceaseless music. Few indeed are the attractions which the nature-loving summer visitor cannot discover on or about Mt. Desert. Here are mountains for climbing, and streams affording fine trout fishing. Yachtsmen here find a broad expanse of

ocean stretching away without barrier, or following the coast he may embark upon a voyage of discovery, with the assurance of finding many out-of-the-way nooks and corners which will amply reward his venture. The artist, the historian, the dreamer, may each find here that which suits his taste. Here the invalid finds an invigorating air far different from the sea air of the lowlands. Extreme changes of temperature are here unknown. The record of Government observations places the average height of the thermometer for the months of June, July, August and September at but 70° during the warmest hours, while at night it is not above 64°. During five months of the year the climate leaves nothing to be desired. The weather is always delightfully cool by day, while blankets are a necessary comfort during the warmest nights. With mind fully occupied in the pleasures of the island, or its summer cities, breathing the air which is in itself a medicine, engaging in healthful out-door exercises, in tennis, canoeing, boating, yachting, riding or driving, which are never so popular as here, the invalid must find great benefit derived from an outing at Mt. Desert, while the pleasure also derived goes without saying.

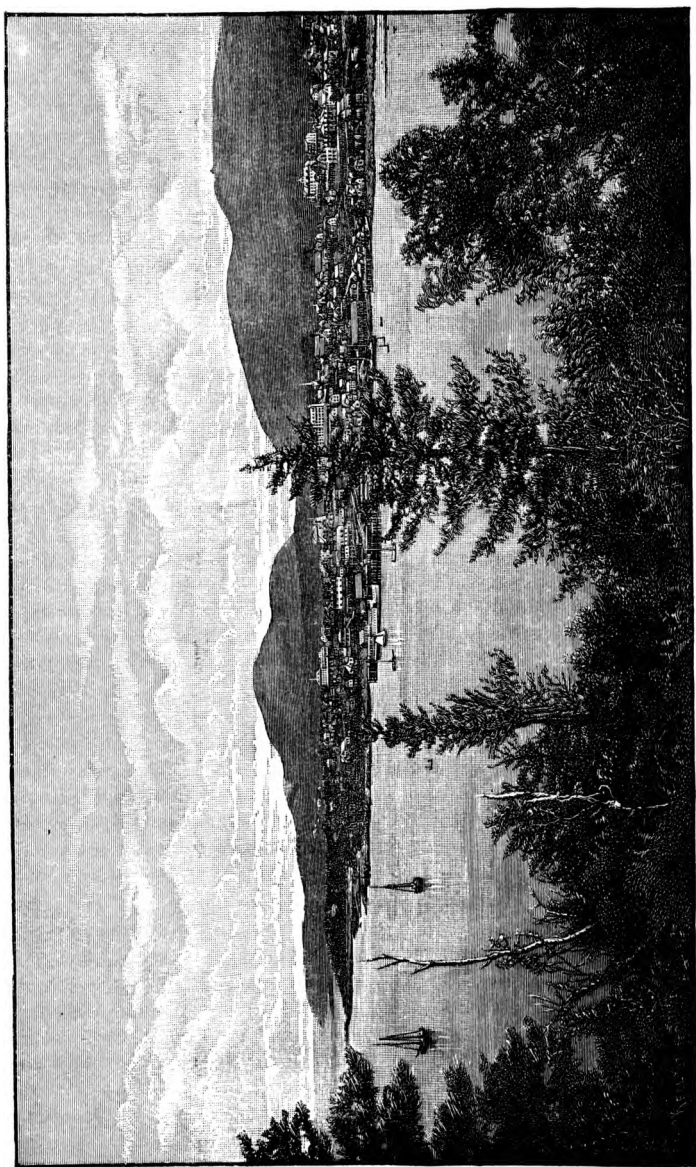
It is the unanimous testimony of travelers who have visited every place of note on the coast from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, that no other sea-side resort can vie with Mt. Desert and the shores of Frenchman's Bay for dryness of atmosphere and even temperature. Mt. Desert has a history dating back to old mediæval days, as naturally enough the early voyagers coming in sight of her remarkable outlines were deeply impressed, and carried their interest into exploration.

"Doubtless others before Champlain may have marked its bold and solitary features, though he was the first to definitely describe as well as appropriately name it.

" 'This same day' (September, 1604), writes Champlain, in his note-book, 'we passed quite near an island which is some four or five leagues long, and were nearly lost on a little rock, just under water, which made a small hole in our bark near the keel. The island is very high, and so cleft in places that at sea it appears as if seven or eight mountains were ranged side by side. I have named this island "L'isle des Monts Desert" (the isle of the Desert Mountains). Its latitude is 41 1-2°.'

"When King Henry of France granted Acadia to his 'well-beloved *Seur des Monts*,' it was surely a lucky thing that the latter found so intelligent a navigator as Champlain to set sail with him in exploring his new dominion; especially as Champlain had the previous year (1603) explored and named the St. Lawrence. On this, the second voyage, he named besides, Mt. Desert, St. John's River, Port Royal, St. Croix, etc. If all the early navigators had been as explicit in regard to their explorations, the people of latter days would not be so puzzled to locate some of their stories; yet despite Champlain's explicitness it is singular that there has been in recent years so much controversy over the meaning and pronunciation of this island's name which its discoverer so plainly states he named for its desert mountains.





BAR HARBOR.

"But before the white man dreamed of pioneering hither, Mt. Desert was a point of importance to the red man; as its Indian name, *Pemetit* (at the head), signifies. At the head indeed it is, not only in location but in being the largest island on the New England coast, measuring one hundred square miles, with thirteen mountain peaks, varying in height from seven hundred to fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and these mountains showing sixty miles at sea, being the first landmark visible to seamen. How the red men regarded this unique island is evident not only from its being a favorite hunting-ground for fur and food animals, but the shell-fish mounds all about its vicinity show it to have been also a favorite feasting-ground.

"Champlain named it and returned to France; but the isle of the desert mountains was not destined to remain long deserted. In a few seasons more a mission enterprise to convert the Indians was set in motion under the influential patronage of a court lady, *Madame de Guerchville*. A vessel was fitted out at *Honfleur*, under command of *De Saussaye*, having on board two Jesuit priests, named *Guantin* and *Du Thet*, with orders to repair to *Port Royal* and there re-enforce themselves with two others, *Fathers Biard* and *Masse*, and then proceed to *Pentagoet* (*Penobscot*), and there found a mission colony. But when off *Grand Manan* a thick fog set in which held them beating about for two days. And when it lifted, they found themselves nearing a harbor on what proved to be *Mt. Desert Island*. In thankfulness for their preservation, they landed and named the place *St. Sauveur*. According to all testimony, this spot was near the entrance to *Somes' Sound*, on what is now known as *Fernald's Point*. Every item of description in *Father Biard's* journal tallies with the present aspect of this spot; sheltered by the mountain (*Flying Mountain*) in its slope to the sea, and supplied with two boiling springs of water. Here they entered with zeal into the work of converting the Indians, with results that have not disappeared even to the present day. And here their colony was broken in upon and destroyed by the adventurer *Argal*, from *Virginia*,—a piratical act, at a time of peace between the French and English. The brave priest, *Du Thet*, was the first to meet death, and his remains lie interred somewhere on *Fernald's Point*. Those who escaped death were captured and compelled to return to France, and all works of the colony totally destroyed. After this the island remained untenanted for many years, though not unclaimed.

"In 1688 the King of France granted it to *M. la Motts Cadillac* (afterwards founder of *Detroit*, Governor of *Louisiana*, etc.), who nominally held it, and to the day of his death put the title of '*Lord of Mount Desert*' above any other he bore. But the intermittent wars between the French and English still kept the island without permanent settlement, till the fall of *Quebec* in 1759 put an end to French domination over all the disputed territory. Another bit of proof regarding the early importance attached to this island by English no

less than French is found in the fact that in 1762 the General Court of Massachusetts granted to Governor Barnard, 'for extraordinary services,' the whole of Mt. Desert Island. A few years later, however, at the American Revolution, Governor Barnard, being a loyalist, fled the country, and all his property was confiscated; but his son, being a Whig and a resident at Bath, Maine, received again one-half of his father's possessions.

"But the oddest freak of this island's complicated history was that the now obsolete claim of Cadillac was again revived in 1787 in the persons of his great-granddaughter, Madame Marie Therese, and her husband, Bartholomew de Gregoire; and 'the Great and General Court of Massachusetts,' in consideration of the aid rendered by the French in the Revolutionary War, actually granted their claim, according them all that portion of the island not already in possession of actual settlers. These last representatives of French dominion here resided at Hull's Cove, on the site now occupied by the Hamor brick mansion house, and here the Gregoires, husband and wife — the latter died in 1810 — lie buried; their graves being still distinguishable outside the fence of the present burying-ground. This last remnant of the old French regime upon Mt. Desert Island, lingering into our own century, looks very romantic at this distance of time.

"The usual trend of settlement from east to west was reversed in the case of Mt. Desert. The early settlers, appreciating, no doubt, clemency of climate and tillable land above striking irregularity of scenery, settled about the most pastoral *Somes' Sound* and *South-west Harbor*, leaving the northeasterly *Bar Harbor* to reveal its peculiar attractions first to a band of artists, through whose canvas the first pleasure-seekers were lured hither only to resound its fame to countless others. Foremost among these was the artist Church, who gave its name to Mt. Desert's most beautiful sheet of water and *Bar Harbor's* most useful reservoir, — *Eagle Lake*, — which, fed by its vast supply of crystal mountain streams, is a water-bed not likely to give out. Besides Church, there were Morton, Hart, Brown, and ahead of any of them, perhaps, Cole, some of whose most striking allegorical subjects are now believed to have been inspired by *Anemone Cave* and vicinity.

"The long unutilized *Bar Harbor*, the most straggling of all the island villages a quarter of a century ago, is now the greatest of them all. By all means, the most frequent and convenient ascent to *Green Mountain's* wonderful views is made from here; first by carriage from the numerous hotels, then by boat over *Eagle Lake*, thence by railway up the mountain, — though there are still individuals who like to climb its 1,527 feet by foot. Most persons who wish to experiment at climbing mountains, however, start with little *Kebo*, at the foot of the old mill ruin in the meadow, a few yards from *Kebo Street*. It is only two miles to the summit, and is looked upon by some as a bit of healthful exercise. *Newport* is the most easterly of the group on the *Bar*

Harbor side, lying between Schooner Head and Otter Creek roads, easy of ascent, and commands a noble water view from its overhanging ocean ramparts; on its summit is a clear pond. The Beehive is south of Newport, and nearer to Great Head. It is five hundred feet above the sea, with a pond called 'The Bowl,' over four hundred feet high, on its northern slope. Pemetic, which retains the island's primitive



EAGLE LAKE MT. DESERT ISLAND.

name, is southwest from Green Mountain, with Turtle Lake, whose waters flow into Eagle Lake, lying between the two; its head can be reached by Eagle Lake. Sargent is almost in the middle of the island, pronounced very hard to climb, but the trouble is repaid by the view. It may also be reached by the way of Jordan's Pond. On top of Mount Sargent is the Lake of the Clouds, a body of water about an acre in area, and very deep.

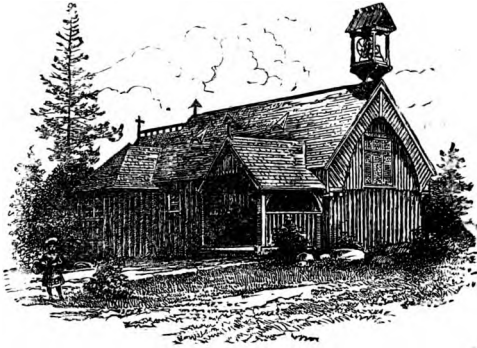
"Besides these on the Bar Harbor side, there are about the neighborhood of Somes' Sound and Southwest Harbor, Robinson, Dog, Flying, Beach and Carter's mountains, the Nubbles or Twins, Great Hill and White Cap, the Triads and Cleft.

"The first drive undertaken by most sojourners is to Schooner Head, — so called from a white formation on a dark ground of rock, resembling from the sea a schooner with sails set. This is the most easterly road on the island, and about four miles from Bar Harbor. Schooner Head Cliffs is a spur of Newport Mountain, about a hundred feet above water. On its top to the left is a deep cleft, with a passage worn through to the base of the rock, through which in a severe storm the surf passes upward with a roaring force that drives it above the tops of the trees, and gives the place the name of 'Spouting Horn.' In a southerly direction across from this is a little cove in which is situated the wonderful grotto, worn wide and deep under the rock, called 'Anemone Cave,' from the sea growths found there after receded tides, — the time to safely visit it. A little way from this is Thunder Cave, a deep chasm through which the waves roll at times with a force that shakes the overhanging cliffs. Westward a little from this rises Great Head, the most prominent of all objects from the sea. Crossing from Bar Harbor to Southwest Harbor, its great height and overhanging mass, with the ceaseless roar of the waters at its base, make it almost a terror to the timid, and an impressive object to all. The drive to Otter Cliffs branches from the Schooner Head road into a valley road between Dry and Newport mountains.

"Another favorite short drive is to Sand Point and the Ovens by the Hull's Cove road, about four miles from Bar Harbor. Hull's Cove, though an old fishing settlement where dwelt the Gregoires and others, has few attractions to the tourists of to-day. A curving shore about a mile and three-quarters northwestward brings up at Sand Point, just south of which are bold cliffs, straight and high, in the eastern face of which are the caves called 'The Ovens,' presenting many suggestions of quaint and curious architectural forms. A pebbly beach nearly one hundred feet wide make them easily accessible at low tide. Those who know the tide turns should, however, be consulted before attempt is made to enter them.

"For a long stretch the twenty-two miles' drive is the most popular. Hurried parties try to do it in half a day, but a day should be given to it. Starting from Bar Harbor along the Eagle Lake road, views are obtained of all the lake and mountain scenery along that section of rare combinations, along through deeply wooded valleys, open plains and surprising landscape turns, till Somesville is reached, at the head of the sound, where Abraham Somes, from Gloucester, Mass., settled in 1762, giving its name to the outlying section. Dinner can be eaten at the well-kept Central House. Returning by the easterly side of the sound, Northeast Harbor is entered. A thickly settled

region is this, having at least four good hotels. Near the harbor is the cottage of President Eliot of Harvard College, also that of Bishop Doane of Albany, and the little chapel of St. Mary by the Sea, built by



ST. MARY BY THE SEA.

the latter. The shore of this is more thick and woody than that of most others of the innumerable coves and harbors in which this wonderfully indented island abounds. On the homeward road from here is Seal Harbor. Passing on, Seal Cove is reached, with its shallow water and numerous low islets at its mouth."

### THE SUMMIT OF GREEN MOUNTAIN.

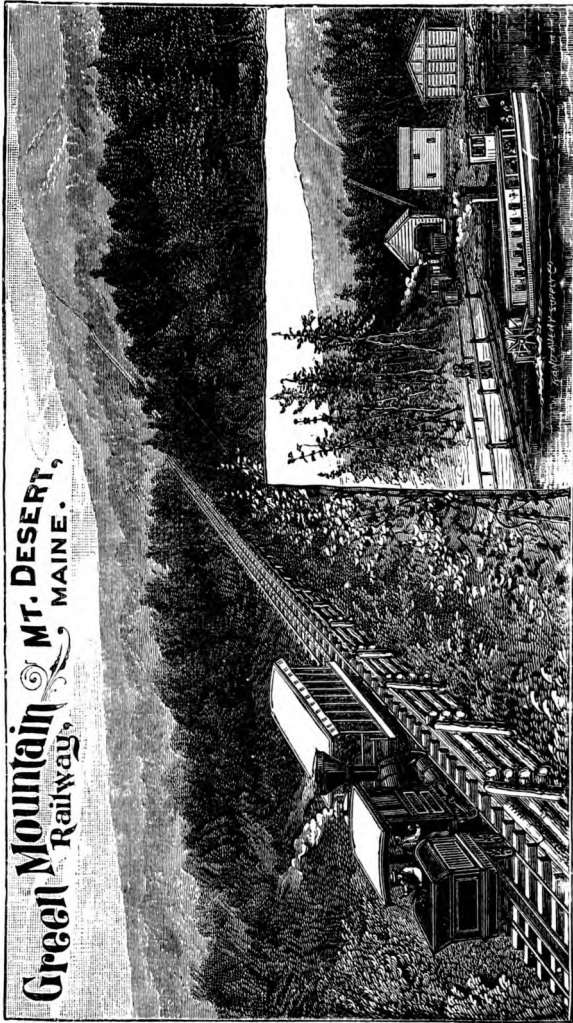
It would be wrong to leave Mt. Desert without paying a visit to the summit of that "Lord of the Isle," Green Mountain. Public coaches leave Bar Harbor twice each day, and after a most delightful drive through forest-lined avenues, over roads which are perfection as far as road building goes, reach Eagle Lake, two and one-half miles away, 275 feet above Bar Harbor village. Here a quaint little steamer carries the tourist across the lake, which

"In the deepest core  
Of the free wilderness, a crystal sheet  
Expands its mirror to the trees that crowd  
Its mountain border."

Arrived upon the farther bank, one sees stretching far above in an almost perpendicular line, the narrow thread-like pathway up which the laboring, wheezing little locomotive propels the one car so slowly that all sense of danger is lost, as indeed actual danger does not exist. Arrived upon the summit there is spread out to meet the eye one of the most beautiful sights presented to mortal man. Seaward as far as the eye can reach, the broad Atlantic stretches away until sea and sky meet at the horizon's line, dotted here and there by sail and steam ships, imparting animation to the sublime in Nature. Turning slightly to the left, far below one sees the village of Bar Harbor, with its mammoth hotels resembling pigmy palaces from here, about which the



streams of life pulsate so dimly as to be hardly discernible. Further turn, and one sees the whole panorama of Frenchman's Bay, with its numerous hamlets and villages nestling at the water's edge; while the



peaks and lakes of Mt. Desert are stretched at his feet. While over all and above all rises the clear blue sky, filled with fleecy clouds, which, wafted by the breeze, pass overhead, hurriedly moving seaward or in-

land, producing shadows below which race across sea and village, now climbing some rugged mountain peak, again nestling hidden in some shadowy glen to disappear at last, while the visitor stands enraptured with the scene. All this forms one of the most enchanting views, and one which can only be seen from here. Outlining these main points of travel can of course do no more than indicate the several courses to be pursued in becoming acquainted with the lay of the island and its larger points of interest. The charms of its thousands of minor nooks and crannies, its unexpected detours and surprises, each visitor must discover for himself. The general drives are the most ready means of putting him in the way of this. Another good way is to consult old habitués of the island, who are always to be found at the various hotels and cottages. And acting upon hints derived in this way, the places an observing explorer can discover for himself on Mt. Desert are surprising.

### FOG.

It has been said that the coast of eastern Maine is the home of fogs. Would-be humorists have enlarged upon this, with their stories of rivalry between its fog manufactories and those of the Bay of Fundy, —a little further east, until they have quite worn it out. So much would never have been said concerning the fogs of Maine but that it represented part of the field where grew the humorists' stock in trade, whence many an unripe statement has been plucked to adorn a tale. Yet, "Where there is smoke there is always fire," says the proverb, and one must admit that fogs do occasionally visit this region, but they are not the rule, by any means, and rather form a diversion for the guests of the island of Mt. Desert. What cares the happy denizen of palatial hotel or cottage that one occasional day he or she is debarred from out-door pleasures? Are there not comforts and enjoyments within to amply compensate for the loss without? Other days are coming, when the summer sun will appear, to dispel the gray sea fog. Come, let us enjoy this time while we may; gathered about the large open fires in the warm public rooms, chatting or writing letters home, or join this merry party in the dance, or here about the fine-toned piano, in music and song.

Enjoy it while you may, for perchance within the hour the veil of fog may be lifted, and the warm sun again prepare the way for sports in open air, so instantaneously do the scene-shifters of our playground work this transformation scene in this the brightest corner of our Door-yard. Avaunt thee! dolorous mortal, who prates of pleasures spoiled by this occasional visitor. Think of the many pleasures missed but for its advent, and greet its coming with smiles instead of tears.

## BAR HARBOR.

The centre of tourist travel to Mt. Desert has in the short space of twenty years risen from a barren waste to the proud eminence it now bears among the summer resorts of the world. As a summer city, where congregate the *elite* of the country, it stands at the head to-day. Bar Harbor life is distinctive, of itself. In no other locality is the zest for out-door sports carried to such an extent. The costumes of tourists here, both ladies and gentlemen, are typical of this life of pleasure and unrestraint. Flannel suits are the rule, varying in color from the spotless white to parti-colored "Blazar." The dress suit, hat, shoes and linen, of the city gentleman, gives way to the flannel belt-encircled blouse, knickerbockers, tennis shoes and Tam o' Shanter; while the ladies, attired in easy-fitting dresses, with shoes of same pattern as above, escorted by these gallants in flannels, sail, fish, canoe and tennis, climb mountains or to the top of the great sea-girt headlands, to spend hours in the delightful pastime here termed "rocking," which consists of a genial sun-bath, while fanned by the cool breezes from the sea, watching the busy scene presented by the many craft in the harbor, arriving and departing at all hours, doing very little save lazily enjoying the time and talking very much.

Necessarily, to thoroughly enjoy "rocking," it must be coupled with its accompaniment, "twoing," for the third party rather disconcerts the pleasure.

The harbor scene is thus described by the author of "Bar Harbor Days": —

"To see that harbor at its best and gayest, one should choose a splendid day in midsummer, when a yacht squadron has put into port for a week of pleasuring. Backed by the gray of granite, the green of fir trees, the blue of sky and sea, the stranger crafts in holiday attire, their flags afloat, are courtesying and tugging at their anchors in the tremendous undertow. The great steamers are resting beside their piers, after the passage of the night. The ferry-boat is ploughing her way past bridge and cliff to yonder shadowy speck upon the mainland, (Mt. Desert Ferry), where the express trains wait for her. Schooners and sloops, shining with new paint and gilded figure-heads, steam launches and tugs carry innumerable parties, on pleasure bent. Here and there some long, black hull, red smoke-stack and web-like rigging of a stately steam-yacht is haunted by a score of row-boats and canoes, whose occupants survey her curiously. From far and near along the Atlantic coast come white-winged visitors. Everything that can run a sail out to the breeze seems drawn as by a magnet to these waters."

Again, Bar Harbor in the evening puts on yet a different guise. The larger hotels are thronged with guests; distinguished men from every quarter, statesmen, soldiers, diplomats, the members of more than one foreign legation, young men of fortune and young men of

brains, mingle with the ever-changing throng upon the hotel verandas, or circle in the dance through the warmly lighted hall, which each hotel provides. And with them and about them are the belles of a hundred American cities, with faces browned by salt sea-air and aglow with color, the certain and sure result of Bar Harbor life. Nightly hops are the rule, each hotel alternating in forming the scene of festivities. Fashionable life is here at its gayest and brightest, and all the attractions lent by wealth and beauty to any scene are centered here.

### THE TOW-PATH.

Fronting the sea, upon the very border of the island at Bar Harbor, stand several of the most beautiful and elaborate of her cottages. Here are in their order, Birch Point Cottage, Derby, Devilstone (the summer home of the Vanderbilt family), Edgemere, Fernierest, Villa Marevista, and others, with their beautiful well-kept grounds extending to the pebbly shore. Through these grounds, from a point near the Maine Central wharf, and extending to and beyond Devilstone Cottage to Cromwell's Cove, runs the "Tow-path," by some termed the "lovers' walk." Every visitor to Bar Harbor should avail himself of the opportunity afforded by this foot-path (no carriage-way exists) to view not only the exquisite cottages and grounds, but also the many attractions of the shore. About one mile the path extends, passing the famous "club-house" (which stands upon the shore, overlooking the bay), and within easy distance of Pulpit Rock, Poised Rock, and the ocean caves.

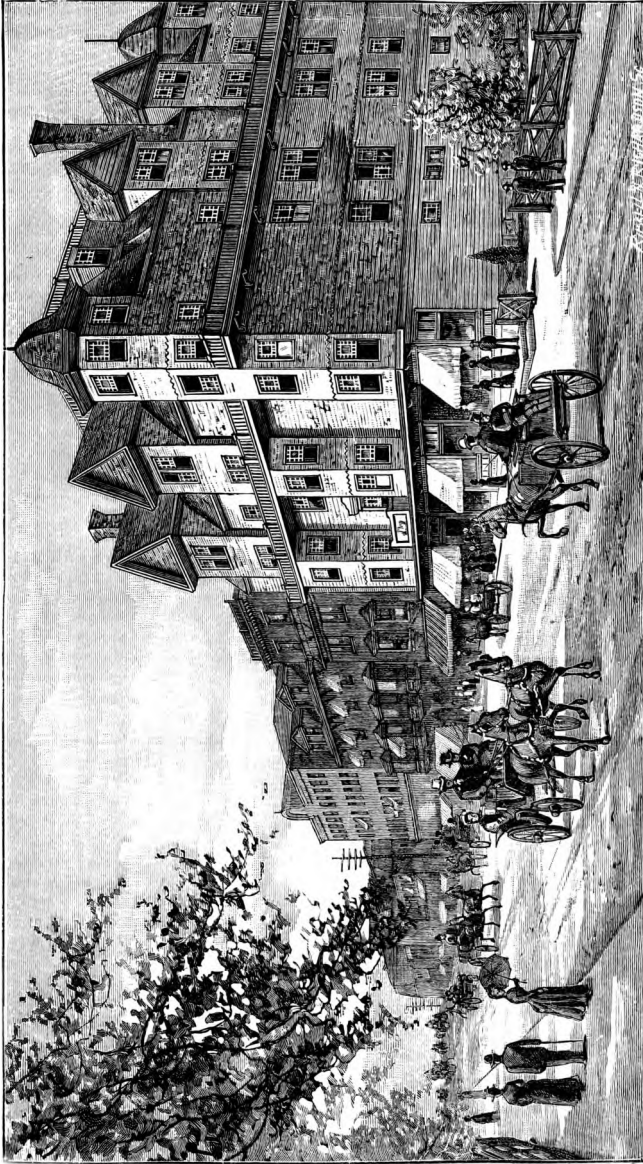
That Mt. Desert Island, with Bar Harbor as a rallying and distributing point, is each season growing more in favor and acquiring a wider distinction, is evident from the increasing tourist travel to her borders. Other evidence is not wanting, as shown by the increasing activity of the leading railroad systems of the country to facilitate travel thereto. From far-away Chicago correspondence was recently opened with a view to placing through Pullman cars upon the route from that point, via Niagara Falls and the White Mountains.

Should a more elaborate description of the physical features of Mt. Desert be desired, the publication entitled "Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert Island," by Dr. W. P. Lapham, a well-known historian of Maine, cannot fail to fill the want.

### BAR HARBOR HOTELS.

"Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
Whate'er his fortunes may have been,  
Must sigh to think how oft he's found  
Life's warmest welcomes at an inn."

Here the tourist goes to rest, not "Hush'd with buzzing night-flies to his slumber," but wooed by soft breezes from the Atlantic, whose murmuring surf, dashed upon the pebbly beaches or against the high resounding cliffs, acts as his lullaby to refreshing sleep. Flies, gnats and mosquitoes are an unknown quantity in this region.



MAIN STREET, BAR HARBOR, ME.

With improved facilities for reaching here, the influx of visitors rapidly increased, and hotel accommodations correspondingly enlarged. The nucleus of the present Rodick House was built in 1867, by Daniel Rodick, formerly of Rodick's Island, where his ancestors settled prior to 1776. In 1870, 1875, and in 1882, this house was enlarged, until its present capacity is six hundred or more guests. The Bay View House was built in 1869, and after being enlarged several times, was changed to the Grand Central. The Atlantic House was built in 1870, burned and re-built larger in 1873; the Newport was built in 1871; the St. Sauveur was re-built after having been burned, in 1872; the Rockaway in 1873; the Marlborough, formerly the Deering, about the same time; the Ocean House in 1874, the Belmont in 1879, and the West End a little later. Then there are the Des Isle, the Malvern, the Lynam Cottages, several other smaller houses, and more to be built whenever they shall be needed.

The following table shows approximately the names and number of the larger hotels, their capacity, and the names of proprietors : —

|                         |                     |     |
|-------------------------|---------------------|-----|
| Rodick, - - - -         | D. Rodick & Sons,   | 600 |
| West End, - - - -       | O. M. Shaw & Son,   | 420 |
| Rockaway, - - - -       | T. L. Roberts,      | 100 |
| Newport, - - - -        | W. M. Roberts,      | 100 |
| Marlborough, - - - -    | Charles Higgins,    | 100 |
| Louisburg, - - - -      | Mrs. Balch,         | 100 |
| Ocean, - - - -          | Samuel Higgins,     | 40  |
| Grand Central, - - - -  | R. Hamor & Sons,    | 350 |
| Hotel Des Isle, - - - - | A. I. Saunders,     | 75  |
| Lynam Cottages, - - - - | J. S. Lynam,        | 100 |
| Belmont, - - - -        | J. C. Manchester,   | 75  |
| Lookout, - - - -        | S. S. Salisbury,    | 40  |
| St. Sauveur, - - - -    | Alley Brothers,     | 175 |
| Malvern, - - - -        | De Grasse Fox,      | —   |
| Hamilton, - - - -       | Frank S. Gould,     | 40  |
| Exchange, - - - -       | W. C. Higgins,      | 40  |
| Birch Tree, - - - -     | J. A. Rodick,       | 50  |
| Wayside, - - - -        | Mrs. R. G. Higgins, | 35  |
| Brewer, - - - -         |                     | 25  |
| Porcupine, - - - -      | C. R. Bacon,        | —   |

All these hotels are pleasantly located, and with special reference to sea and harbor views; and besides these hotels there are nearly a hundred cottages rented to visitors.

The first cottage erected as a summer residence was built on Hardy's Point, by Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, in 1867, and this is still standing. Since that time a large number of elegant cottages have been built, broad streets and avenues have been laid out and constructed, elegant residences have been built upon the cliffs and bluffs, and the landscape,



From U. S. Coast Survey.

HEIGHTS  
above Mean High Water.

| HEIGHTS                |      | Summer Level of<br>Lakes and Ponds. |     |
|------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|-----|
| above Mean High Water. |      |                                     |     |
| Green Mt.              | 1227 | The Bowl                            | 410 |
| Sargent's Mt.          | 1344 | Turtle Lake                         | 375 |
| Dry Mt.                | 1298 | Eagle Lake                          | 275 |
| Fennell Mt.            | 1292 | Jordan's Pond                       | 195 |
| Newport Mt.            | 1069 | Echo Lake                           | 90  |
| Western Mt. { W. Peak  | 1073 | Long Pond                           | 88  |
| { E. Peak              | 971  | Seal Cove Pond                      | 30  |
| The White Cap          | 925  |                                     |     |
| Brown's Mt.            | 870  |                                     |     |
| The Bubbles { North    | 845  |                                     |     |
| { South                | 780  |                                     |     |
| Beech Mt.              | 855  |                                     |     |
| McFarland's Mt.        | 761  |                                     |     |
| Great Hill             | 745  |                                     |     |
| The Triad { East       | 720  |                                     |     |
| { South                | 688  |                                     |     |
| Young's Mt.            | 690  |                                     |     |
| Robinson's Mt.         | 705  |                                     |     |
| Dog Mt.                | 709  |                                     |     |
| The Beehive            | 670  |                                     |     |
| Great Pond Hill        | 540  |                                     |     |
| The Cleft { North      | 610  |                                     |     |
| { South                | 490  |                                     |     |
| Peak of Otter          | 506  |                                     |     |
| Carter's Nubble        | 480  |                                     |     |
| Interlaken Hill        | 462  |                                     |     |
| Mt. Kebo. { North      | 405  |                                     |     |
| { South                | 340  |                                     |     |
| Jordan's Hills { North | 360  |                                     |     |
| { South                | 300  |                                     |     |
| Flying Mt.             | 250  |                                     |     |
| Bald Mt.               | 250  |                                     |     |
| High Head              | 208  |                                     |     |
| Burnt Mt.              | 175  |                                     |     |
| Mt. Gibbon             | 160  |                                     |     |
| Otter Cliff            | 112  |                                     |     |





which twenty years ago was a barren waste and almost worthless, has been transformed into a large and beautiful village. Land has advanced in price a thousand fold, and choice building lots will command almost any sum asked.

Southwest Harbor is one of the oldest, best known, most populous, and in many respects most important, of the points upon the island. In natural attractions, if not in fashion, it quite vies with Bar Harbor. Here is situated the famous Sea Wall,—about two miles south from the village,—fifteen feet high, and in some places ten rods wide, composed of bowlders washed up by the sea ere knowledge of man visited the island. There are several hotels here, the most noted being Freeman, Island, Ocean, Claremont, Stanley and Dirigo. When here, a visit can be paid to the early settlement of Saint Sauveur, the site of the first settlement here, not far distant, by Valley Cove. This and other resorts on the island of Mt. Desert, as Northeast Harbor (Harbor Cottages, Roberts House, Kimball House and Revere House) and Seal Harbor (Glen Cove Hotel, Seaside House, and Seal Harbor House), can be reached daily by steamer or carriage during the season from Bar Harbor, which is, indeed, the distributing point for all the surrounding region, as no one who visits eastern Maine wishes to miss the brilliant spectacle there afforded.

Lying directly off Bar Harbor to the eastward the Porcupine Islands, four in number, afford fine picnic grounds, and are resorted to by many summer visitors.

Into Frenchman's Bay ("Baye Francaise" of old) from the mainland project numerous peninsulas, each putting on its best apparel, and each vying with each in offering attractions to the tourist, and all reflecting some of the effulgence of their neighbor, Mt. Desert.

Such is HANCOCK POINT, down which extend the tracks of the All Rail Line to Mt. Desert, to a point about midway,—Mt. Desert Ferry, —where the beautiful ferry steamer "Sappho" awaits to convey the tourist to Bar Harbor. At the Ferry, directly at the landing of steamer and trains, there has been erected a hotel equal to any upon Mt. Desert, occupying a most advantageous site on an elevation, or, as its name implies, "The Bluffs," commanding a view of the bay and of Mt. Desert, seven miles away. Here it would be possible for one who wished to avoid the bustling life of Bar Harbor's gayeties to take up his abode, and while enjoying Bar Harbor days return to the more secluded retreat at night. Directly upon the right as one steams away toward Bar Harbor are seen the clustering cottages of Hancock Point, a summer village skirting the shore of the peninsula, with the Tarratine House immediately beyond.

SORRENTO lies directly opposite, upon the left as one leaves the ferry for Mt. Desert. This peninsula is three miles long, with an average width of a mile, and has borne until recently the name of "Waukeag Neck." It has six miles of water front, which has been



divided into cottage lots rising gradually from the sea, terraced by the hand of Nature. Now that Bar Harbor land has attained such fabulous prices, these neighboring lands are appreciating in value. Sorrento may in the not far distant future become the terminus of the rail line to Mt. Desert, offering, by reason of its closer proximity to Bar Harbor, increased facilities for reaching that point by allowing the passage which now requires thirty minutes to be reduced by fully one-half. This, however, may not prove a charm to the visitor, as the ferry journey forms one of the pleasantest features of the trip, leaving more rather than a reduction to be desired.

LA MOINE — “La Belle Lamoine,” as its earlier residents termed it, — lies directly north of Mt. Desert Island, near the Narrows, the nearest point between island and mainland, where in olden days — not so very remote, after all — the passage of the stage-coach was accomplished; and the tourist who disliked the water route was forced to endure the long stage ride from Bangor, fifty miles and more. Lamoine is a township full of historic interest, and among its annals are interwoven many a touching story. In form it is a peninsula extending into the bay, with an area of about 11,000 acres. Its inhabitants, all moderately independent people, have until recently resented the idea of parting with inheritances which have been handed down from generation to generation; but at present this has given way to the steady advancement of summer sojourners, and Lamoine, with her sister peninsulas, is coming to the front as a summer retreat.

Winter Harbor — Bar Harbor’s *vis-a-vis*, separated therefrom by five miles of water, and possessing a wonderful land-locked harbor — and its elegant Hotel Beacon, is another of the many resorts in the vicinity which are putting on the garb that attracts the summer tourist; and which, together with the charms of its situation, is bound to succeed.

Numerous steamers ply the inland waters of Frenchman’s Bay, conveying tourists to and from Bar Harbor or Mt. Desert Ferry, and these resorts, while *ever and anon* the swift little ferry steamer “Sappho” speeds through its waters with a throng of passengers on board bound for the Ferry and the outside world, or returns to Bar Harbor with fresh loads of pilgrims therefrom.

It is easy to foretell the destiny of this region. Other resorts upon the Atlantic coast are in too close proximity to large and populous cities to long maintain their supremacy as popular seaside resorts, as this proximity invites many objectionable elements, and the exclusiveness which at Mt. Desert forms such a factor of enjoyment is wanting. Already fashion and refinement from these resorts are turning to the coast of eastern Maine as offering the most perfect accessories which go to make up a summer residence. With elegantly appointed trains and steamers, distance, which in years ago proved a hindrance, now forms one of the charms of the outing, covered as it is in palace cars and steamboats, with every appliance to insure speed and safety.

## HOW TO REACH MT. DESERT.

By trains of the Maine Central, offering here their most perfect service, with four trains each way daily between Boston, Portland and Mt. Desert Ferry, with the famous *Limited Express*, the "Cyclone," so called, in description of which so much has been said and written; making the run from Boston to Bar Harbor in eight and one-half hours, with one of the longest runs on earth without stopping.

As an example of the service afforded by the "Cyclone," the following breezy extract is taken from a stray letter, evidently written by a fair tourist of observant habits, which was found at the close of last season in the writing-room of the Mt. Kineo House. With an apology to its unknown author, we take the liberty of giving it to the public:—

*"We left Boston for Mt. Desert upon the 'Limited Express,' with Pullman's latest vestibuled cars, leaving at a comfortable hour in the morning, and which goes through to Bar Harbor, or, at least, within sight of it, the last few miles being a lovely voyage across Frenchman's Bay from the 'Bluffs.'*

*"Think of it, my dear! Suppose you are in New York; you get a telegram in the afternoon from Bar Harbor, like this: 'Come on. Big hop here to-morrow night. Don't miss it.' Well, you fly around, take a coupe for one of the Sound steamers, or, if you choose, a train from the Grand Central Depot; have a good breakfast in Boston; catch the aforesaid 'Limited Express,' travel all day through delicious scenery, passing Portland and Bangor, reach Bar Harbor for tea, and behold! an hour later you are placidly awaiting the music in the ballroom, and remark to your partner: 'Oh, yes; it was quite warm in New York last evening.' Well, it hardly seems possible, does it?"*

Or, should the traveler wish to make the journey by night, the train can be taken at the Causeway Street station of the Boston & Maine Railroad at 7 P. M. daily (Sundays included), with Pullman's finest sleeping-cars attached, which will bear him safely to Mt. Desert Ferry, arriving at 7.30 in the morning, where he will find the beautiful new ferry steamer "Sappho" awaiting to introduce him to

"The gray and thunder-smitten pile  
Which marks afar the desert isle";

and after a pleasant sail of thirty minutes, covering the seven miles of water intervening between the Ferry and Bar Harbor, will disembark him to greet this summer city, refreshed from a good night's rest and comfort. Thus the man of business, whose family may be summering at Mt. Desert while he is unable or unwilling to leave his interests in other hands, or the young man, equally busy, whose *fiancee* is enjoying an outing there, may each leave the city after the close of the week's business, and taking this train may, after enjoying as pleasant and rest-

ful a night's repose as any passed at home, reach Bar Harbor on the early Sabbath, pass the day with his party, and return by train the same evening, arriving in Boston Monday morning, ready to take up again the reins of business which is uninterrupted by his absence.

Apart from the trains, and as many enjoy a water journey unalloyed by the ills which so commonly attend it, the steamer "City of Richmond," of the Portland, Mt. Desert and Machias Steamboat line, makes semi-weekly trips from Portland, leaving that city on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week at 11 at night, immediately after the arrival of the train leaving Boston at 7 P. M. This stanch and swift steamer, with accommodations first-class in every respect, is commanded by Capt. Wm. E. Dennison, whose long and successful career in command of both steam and sailing vessels insures the safety of the voyager.

From Portland, the first landing of the steamer is at Rockland about sunrise; thence the course lies across the picturesque land-locked Penobscot Bay to Castine, famous in New England history as the extreme outpost of French empire in America, and with its traditions of the existence here of an ancient and once populous city. To this spot,

"Baron Castine, of St. Castine,  
Has left his castle in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas,"

so admirably told in Longfellow's verse.

From Castine the "Richmond" sails away through Eggemoggin Reach, almost an inland river; by scenery upon either side which is the wonder and admiration of her passengers, to emerge into Blue Hill Bay, and with the peaks of Mt. Desert in view from here continues on her way to Southwest, Northeast and Bar Harbors, arriving at the latter port in season for the mid-day meal, for which the bracing sea air has provided that best of all sauce, hunger. From Bar Harbor the steamer continues on her course, visiting the eastern ports of Mill-bridge, Jonesport and Machiasport, returning to Bar Harbor, thence to Portland on the following day.

For the accommodation and to enhance the pleasure of its patrons, the Maine Central Railroad, which also owns and operates this steamboat line, provides a series of tours, by which the tourist is enabled to make the journey by rail in one direction, returning by boat; and by a system of exchange at Portland or at Bar Harbor offices further enabling one to choose his route from either terminal; accordingly, the traveler who intends visiting Mt. Desert will do well to procure his tickets via the line which provides for both the rail and water route; bearing also in mind the fact that its steamer plies the "inside passage," thus avoiding all danger of seasickness, with its accompanying terrors.

## CHAPTER III.

OTHER RESTING RETREATS IN THE  
DOOR-YARD.

## POLAND SPRINGS.



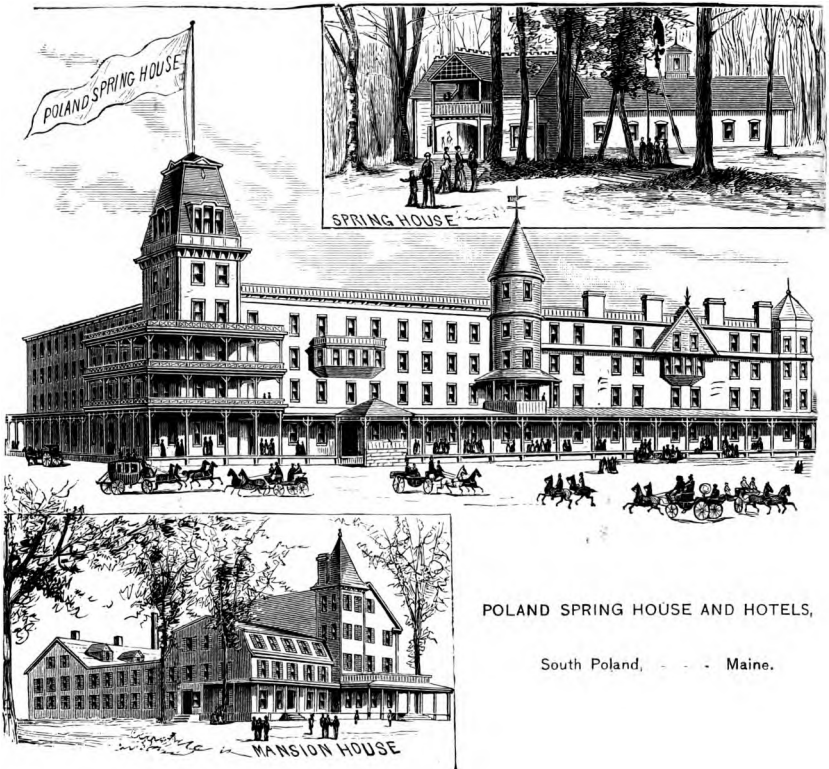
WENTY-FIVE or more miles from Portland—the gateway of our Door-yard—is situated one of the world's most famous sanitariums,—Poland Springs,—at South Poland, Maine, upon an elevation of land eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, commanding one of the most beautiful and diversified landscapes to be found anywhere upon the American Continent. Its high altitude, its invigorating atmosphere, its unequalled facilities for drainage, and its excellent drives and attractive promenades, in connection with the far-famed POLAND SPRING WATER, render the resort one of the most charming spots for tourists traveling for pleasure, or for invalids in search of health.

Situated five miles from the railroad, reached by a fine line of six-horse coaches over a good road and through beautiful rural scenery, making a rise of three hundred feet to the hotels and spring, tourists, pleasure-seekers and invalids are charmed with the magnificent prospect, and are loud in the praise of the beautiful surroundings. The view in any direction is as far as the eye can extend. In the distance are seen the White Mountains and Ossipee Range, with their fantastic combinations. The pretty lakes remind one of Loch Katrine, Scotland, with its surface dotted in summer with small steamers and row-boats.

The extensive pine and oak groves, with the fine walks extending through them, and the spring with its pretty, rustic house, are very attractive; the whole of the splendid panorama presented is beautiful in the various colors of orchards, green pastures and golden grain, dotted here and there with the houses and barns of the prosperous farmers. The drives in the vicinity are charming and picturesque; the most attractive is the one to the Shaker village and church and around

Sabbath-day Lake. The Shakers are a peculiar sect, whose mode of worship is different from any other religious society, and is one of the great attractions connected with this popular resort.

One must not get the idea, because thousands have been to these springs and received benefit from the celebrated mineral water, that it is a resort for invalids only, for there is not a mountain region in Maine that has more tourists and pleasure-seekers, and not one, except, perhaps, Mt. Desert, that excels it in natural attractions; the proprietors do all they can to make the stay of guests pleasant and agreeable; the lawn parties, picnics, sailing parties, band concerts, balls, receptions, theatricals, rowing on the lakes, sailing on the steam yacht, and drives in the vicinity, offer pleasant diversion and enjoyment for all.



POLAND SPRING HOUSE AND HOTELS,

South Poland, - - - Maine.

The land where the Poland Springs hotels now stand has been in the possession of the Ricker family since 1793, and one of them first opened a public house in 1797. It was kept by Wentworth Ricker until

1837, when his son, Hiram, succeeded him as landlord until 1872, with but few changes in the property. At this time the present proprietors became associated under the name of Hiram Ricker & Sons. The house was enlarged to accommodate about twenty-five boarders. The business of the house increased so rapidly that the owners concluded to build a larger one, and in 1876 the Poland Spring House was built, with a capacity at that time for two hundred; made changes and improvements as needed until 1883, when the demand for accommodations was so great that they enlarged both the Poland Spring and Mansion Houses so they would accommodate five hundred guests. All the improvements of the day were introduced.

The houses were completely renovated, the system of plumbing and draining made perfect, every modern improvement for the comfort of guests introduced, till now, with its fine location, extensive grounds, beautiful groves, the finest office and music hall in New England, pleasant parlors, reading room and dining hall, perfectly arranged kitchen and culinary department, and a system for extinguishing fire not surpassed, the house is without a peer in New England; and for the last two seasons the houses have been taxed to their utmost capacity, and constant application for rooms refused.

## POLAND SPRING WATER.

The circumstances developing the efficacy of the water of this celebrated spring — which issues from a true fissure vein near the surface of the hill, the bed rock, near and surrounding the spring, being composed largely of gneiss and mica schist, scarcely distinguishable from the original granite, and being, as geologists inform us, the oldest sedimentary rock — were purely accidental, as were many of the famous German and French springs.

Without doubt, its curative properties were known to the Indians in ancient times, far and near, as stone tools have been found in its vicinity, which were used before steel or iron tools were known. The stone from which they are made is unlike any in this part of the country. In 1844 it was discovered that the water had great healing properties; but not till 1859 were its wonderful medicinal properties fully demonstrated.

At that time several cases of dyspepsia, liver complaint, gravel, and several bad cases of kidney complaint were cured. Among them a prominent business man of Portland was cured of albumenuria and hemorrhage of the kidneys, his case having been pronounced incurable, after a consultation of the leading physicians of the country.

These, and other circumstances which might be related were it necessary, greatly strengthened the faith of the townspeople of Poland in the beneficial qualities of the water in diseases of the liver and kidneys. Successive years have established its efficacy in numerous other complaints. Since the year 1859 the use of this truly wonderful

spring water has increased in a ratio almost unprecedented in the history of any other mineral water on the globe, and it has never yet been known to fail to cure in any of the diseases for which its use is recommended, provided directions have been carefully followed.

In 1859, as soon as the value of the spring became fully established, the proprietor erected a small house over it, which was characterized by the most rigid simplicity. The house remained standing until 1866, when it was altered and transformed into the present more commodious and beautiful enclosure. Since then a portico and band-stand have been added to it.

These waters have acquired a world-wide reputation, and are resorted to in the season of summer by people from every quarter of our land. To accommodate this ever increasing throng, the Maine Central Railroad — the great pathway of our Door-yard — will offer this season greatly increased facilities. The new highway, Ricker Road, extending from Danville Junction station, upon the Maine Central, five miles to the portals of the Poland Spring House itself, will early in the season be completed. Then the passenger may embark upon the elegant Pullman cars at the Boston stations of the Boston & Maine Railroad (in reality the only first-class Pullmans ever run upon the Maine rail), and via this route, connecting at Portland with the Maine Central, can without change of cars go to the junction point of rail and stage for Poland Springs; there the tourist will find in waiting the large, easy mountain stages of the house, each drawn by a team of six powerful horses, and after an exhilarating ride of half an hour disembark at his journey's end, only five hours from Boston,

The waiting-rooms which have been erected by the Maine Central (which spares not in catering to the enjoyment of its patrons) are a marvel of taste and comfort. Independent of the public waiting-rooms, there has been erected a spacious apartment replete with every luxury which taste can suggest, with carpeting and upholstery of the finest texture, where, to overcome the tedium of a wait for trains or stage, are furnished the latest newspapers and periodicals free for the patrons of the road.

At this point a stop will be made, in both directions, by the famous Bar Harbor *Limited* Express, than which no finer appointed train ever ran. A superb dining-car service, with two entirely new cars, and parlor-cars of the latest improved pattern, will be features of this train. There will be no irksome wait at Portland; no transfer from one station to the other through a dusty ill-favored street. The *Limited* will make no stop between Boston and Danville Junction, except that necessary to attach a Maine Central locomotive and crew in place of that which has come through from Boston. Nor is this the only first-class service which offers; other trains of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central perform service second only to the *Limited*, which itself is second to none in existence.



## MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

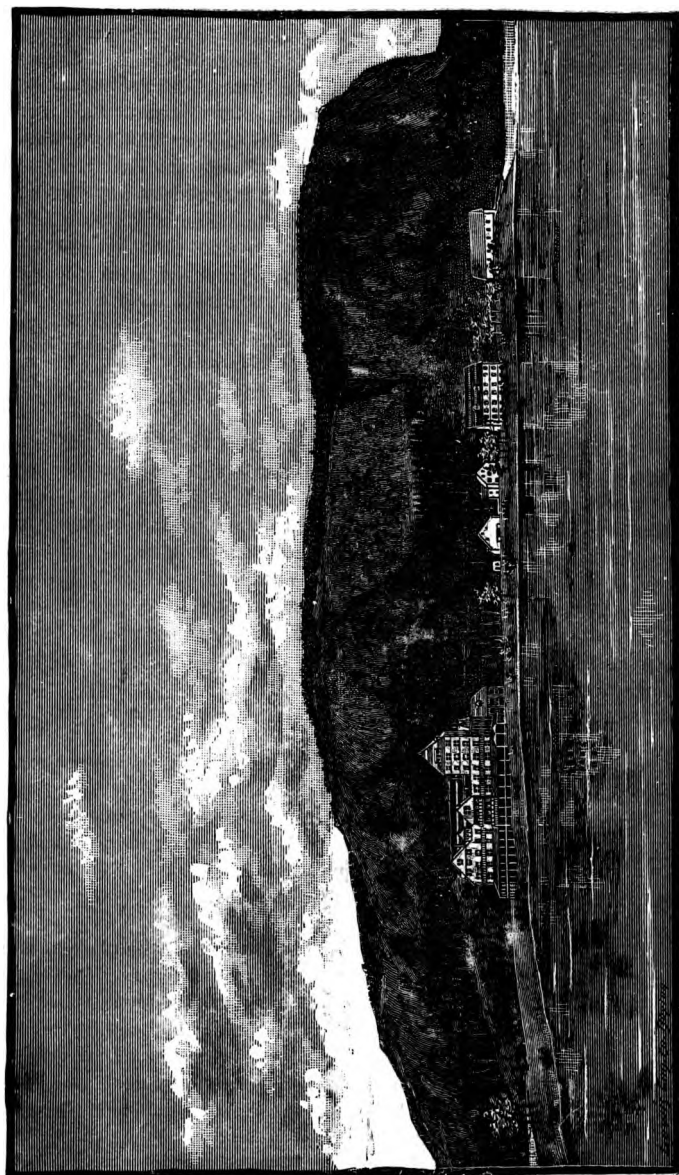
MOOSEHEAD, the largest lake in New England, lies in latitude 45° 40' in the northwestern part of Maine, on the border of the great Maine forests at the head of the Kennebec River, 1,023 feet above the sea level, and one hundred and fifty miles from the coast. It is forty miles long, and varies in width from eighteen to less than two miles. Halfway up the lake, at its narrowest part, is Mount Kineo, rightly called "The Monarch of Moosehead." It is a magnificent promontory, extending into the lake from the eastern shore, its summit rising 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Its slope is toward the lake, while on the side where the peninsula which it forms joins the main land it is very abrupt, and rises almost perpendicular for nearly 1,200 feet,

"a precipice  
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,  
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,  
To separate its nations."

The waters of the lake are very deep, an effort to find bottom with a 1,000-foot line having failed. On the south side and at the base of the mountain, stands Mount Kineo House. It occupies a site upon the border of the lake which commands an unequalled view of its waters for nearly twenty miles, and of the surrounding forests and mountains in all directions. There, as it has been aptly said, "mountain, crag, hill, valley, lake, island,—all lend their aid to weave a picture, the description of whose beauties passes the power of man. The dense, deep, primeval forests, silent and gloomy; the mountains frowning in their majesty; the lake bathed in the glory of the sunshine; islands rising here and there as if by enchantment; the dark clouds gathering in the west, and piling themselves in endless confusion athwart the sky; the spray and mist, through whose glimmering some mountain becomes a veiled picture in the distance; Katahdin lifting its head above the clouds, and sending back answering signals to 'Great Spencer' and 'Big Squaw,—all these and countless others afford a picture wherein the grand, the sublime and picturesque are harmoniously blended, and which cannot fail of leaving a lasting impression for good on the mind and life of the beholder."

The hotel is entirely modern. Built in 1884, to take the place of one burnt the previous year, it is planned on an ample scale, and believed to be second to none in construction, general arrangement and convenience, as well as in its provision for the security and comfort of its guests. The dining-room is 110x51 feet, seating four hundred people. The house is heated by steam, lighted with gas, supplied with fire-escapes, bath-rooms, electric bells,—in short, all the requisites of a first-class modern hotel. Particular attention has been paid to the sanitary arrangements, which are believed to include the most perfect modern appliances. The sleeping-rooms are large, light, all comfortably





MOUNT KINEO AND HOTEL, MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE.

furnished, provided with the best of mattresses and springs, and reached by broad stairways or steam elevator. Every room commands an excellent view of lake and mountain scenery. A piazza fifteen feet wide extends around the main house. During the season an orchestra furnishes music for dancing and promenades.

Billiard hall, telegraph and post-office in the house. Its situation on a point extending into the lake insures the house freedom from mosquitoes and other annoying insects. The fact that the house is under the same management as for nearly twenty years past, is, to our old patrons, a sufficient guaranty that the table and service generally will be of the best.

Kineo, from its high latitude and great elevation above the sea level, boasts of a climate which offers unequalled advantages to those seeking refuge from the heat, or to sufferers from hay fever. Pure air, pure water, the aroma of the great pine forests, the breezes over the clear waters of the lake, all combine to bring health to the invalid and relief to the overworked body and brain.

Besides the ascent of Mount Kineo, there are forest walks, and boat or canoe excursions to the numerous points of interest in the vicinity, such as Pebble Beach, The Cliff, Devil's Delight, Hatching Works, Moody Islands, etc., etc.

For those who wish to explore the country farther, the new and elegant steamer "Kineo" is at hand to convey parties to the Outlet, Socatean, Northeast Carry, or any point on the lake.

The grounds about the house afford extensive lawns for croquet, tennis, and like sports.

Sportsmen know that the Mount Kineo House is in the heart of the hunting and fishing grounds of this region. Here are boats, birch canoes, and guides, as well as supplies of every kind needed in the woods.

During the past season a carriage road has been built through the woods to Pebble Beach; also to the base of Mount Kineo, with a stairway to make the ascent of the mountain easy. The road will be extended one or two miles the present season.

Saddle horses and buckboards always in readiness.

Moosehead Lake is evidently to be the grand fish-pond of our Door-yard. It is fed by innumerable springs at the bottom, and has various streams suited for spawning. It is in the depths of the wilderness, beyond which are no roads. The waters are forever protected by law from such deposits of mills or factories as would drive away the trout. There is really now but one anglers' hotel on it,—the Mount Kineo House, situated midway of the lake.

### TO REACH MOUNT KINEO.

Take train of the Maine Central Railroad from Portland, where connections are made in Union depot with all trains from Boston and

points west and south; proceed to Oldtown, 149 miles from Portland, 364 miles from Boston, taking at Bangor through cars of the Bangor & Piscataquis Railway, and disembark therefrom at Greenville, directly at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and distant twenty miles from Mount Kineo House. Here will be found swift steamers to convey passengers over the placid waters of the lake.

To reach Kineo without delay, take evening train from Boston, connecting with Maine Central at Portland, with Pullman sleeping-cars through from Boston to Bangor, arriving at Bangor in season for breakfast, and pushing on arrive at Greenville at noon, Kineo two hours later.

### **A NEW ROUTE TO MOOSEHEAD.**

Observant eyes, in traveling through our Door-yard, will notice how its paths diverge, seemingly taking the longest way round to arrive at their destination, in some cases. At no point is this more noticeable than in the route to Moosehead Lake, and a survey has already been made and a new route projected via Dexter, straight across the twenty miles intervening between Dexter, now the terminus of a branch of the Maine Central, and Guilford, on the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, thus cutting off three sides of a square and saving some four hours in time. By this route it is hoped to so expedite train service as to allow the traveler leaving Boston in the morning to arrive at Moosehead and Mount Kineo House the same night.

### **THE RANGELEY LAKE REGION.**

Nowhere upon earth is presented such a remarkable chain of deep-water lakes as exist in this far northeastern corner of our country, and form the fish-ponds of this playground for its inhabitants. Connected by streams which allow transportation from one to the other, six large Rangeleys, with their numerous ponds, join Umbagog and Parmachenee through the wonderful Magalloway, all but unknown to a majority of even the citizens of Maine. Scattered through the entire section embraced by the map are hunting and fishing grounds unsurpassed, recognized by the foremost hunters and anglers of our country as the home of the largest and gamiest fish known to the rod and fly, and the home also of moose, caribou and deer.

As the region became more widely known, the tide of summer travel setting toward this Mecca of the sportsman produced an impetus among the settlers of the region to provide accommodations suitable for them. Accordingly, there have been erected at points of vantage through the lakes and region round about, houses of entertainment presided over by men who have passed their lives amid these scenes, and can point their guests to woods and waters where lurk the game they seek. At these houses or near at hand dwell guides familiar with every

foot of lake and forest; skilled woodsmen, never at a loss for some expedient to promote the comfort of their patrons. He it is can place the tourist within range of moose or deer, and dress the game when captured; can assist at the landing of the great land-locked salmon, and cook him in fashion fit to tickle the palate of an epicure.

These proprietors and guides, whose interests are centered here, jealously guard the woods and waters from the encroachment of poachers during close time, until, as a consequence, the entire region has become an immense preserve, and game, instead of being thinned out and diminishing, is actually growing more plenty. Facilities for transportation are excellent, and the traveler can obtain conveyance to any desired point. If not on the direct line of travel, special conveyance may be obtained at reasonable rates. At these houses of entertainment fancy prices are not the rule, but accommodations may be had at such reasonable rates that all may avail themselves of the privilege of an outing here, and return with a keen sense of pleasure enjoyed, with trophies of his skill as hunter or fisherman, and with not too greatly depleted pocket-book. The visitor needs not—unless wishing to make an extended trip—employ a guide. To be sure, such a companion is a luxury, but, like other luxuries, can be dispensed with. Good fishing and hunting may be enjoyed in close proximity to the hotels and camps, which are so numerous.

## SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE

Has ever been noted for its excellent fishing and hunting grounds, and is yearly adding to its laurels. Thanks to the vigorously enforced game-laws of the State of Maine,—a condensed form of which appears at the close of this book,—which protect the denizens of forest and stream throughout the State from the rod and gun of the hunter, except during the open season of summer, game of all kinds, both beast, bird and fish, are still abundant in her forests, lakes and streams; and are, in fact, growing more plenty each year. Moose, deer and caribou were never so plenty as now, and few who visit the Rangeley Lakes for the purpose of obtaining a shot at this noble game need return disappointed.

This season increased facilities will be offered for reaching this region by the addition of a train which, on and after April 2, will leave Portland daily, Sundays excepted, at 8.30 A. M., arriving at Farmington at noon, from where a train of the Sandy River Railroad will bear the traveler on to Phillips, where, should he prefer to continue his journey immediately, special conveyance may be had with team for Rangeley village, at the head of the lakes. This new train service must prove of immense advantage, enabling, as it does, the tourist to reach the lakes from Portland in one day, or to leave the lakes in the morning and reach Boston the same evening at 9.30.

H. T. Kimball's stage, over which through tickets read and on which they are good, will make its regular trips, leaving Phillips in the morning and Rangeley in the afternoon. Parties desiring connections to or from the new trains can arrange same with Mr. Kimball at reasonable rates, and those holding tickets have their value returned.

Again, to facilitate the sportsmen's movements, the Maine Central has issued to its station and train employees the following order:—

PORTLAND, ME., March 17, 1888.

TO EMPLOYEES:

The lines now operated by this company probably lead to more hunting and fishing resorts than any in the country, and a large volume of travel results therefrom. It seems necessary, then, that some rule be established regulating the transportation of such articles and supplies as are incident to sportsmen. And hereafter gun and rod cases or boxes of sportsmen's supplies may be checked or carried in cars same as other baggage. Guns not cased cannot be carried, except by baggage masters in baggage cars, free of charge, and at owners' risk. Dogs will be carried in baggage cars free of charge, and at owners' risk. Dogs, if crated, may be checked same as other baggage. Boxes of fish and other game may also be checked during time when transportation of same is not prohibited by law, and provided there is not more in quantity for each person than the law allows, and that owners accompany the same, subject in all cases as to weight to established rules for transportation of baggage. Baggage men may accept a personal fee for care of dogs and game when tendered them, but are not permitted to ask for such.

The scenery of the Sandy River valley, through which the train passes between Farmington and Phillips, is conceded by all to be most beautiful; while the miniature train of petite coaches and engine running upon a track but 24 inches wide seems like a child's plaything, and is alike the wonder and admiration of all.

Passing *en route* the town of Strong, which is the junction point between the Sandy River and Franklin & Megantic Railroads, the latter a second narrow-gauge to be used in reaching SMITH'S FARM, EUSTIS, and the DEAD RIVER SECTION. This road has first-class cars, finished in unique style. The little engine is a curiosity to look at, but it does its work nobly, as it takes the train up the grade to the summit, five miles. The views are beautiful here, and no description can give an idea of its weird and singular picturesqueness without visiting it personally. It is fifteen miles to Kingfield. Salem is the only station of note. It is located under the shadow of Mt. Abraham, which towers above it 3,400 feet. At Kingfield, connect with Orrin Tufts' stage, which leaves Hotel Winter, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, returning alternate days, which takes the traveler with quick dispatch to Smith's Farm, Eustis, or to Round Mountain Lake, twenty-eight miles away. The road runs alongside of the Carrabassett stream, through a beautiful valley, with fine mountain scenery all the way, past Stratton post-office, to Smith's Farm. Kennedy Smith, a whole-souled gentleman, has until lately been the proprietor and pioneer in this section, having made at his own expense twenty miles of good buckboard roads; has a good two-story farm-house, a farm of 125 acres; and has built at Tim

Pond and Seven Ponds, in that vicinity, twenty-one camps for his guests, who are increasing every year, and comprise judges, congressmen, college professors, and other gentlemen of note. Smith Farm is situated on a plateau 500 feet above the Dead River. The view from there is magnificent. Looking south, one sees Mt. Bigelow, 3,800 feet above sea level, across the ravine six miles. Saddleback, Mt. Abraham, Blue, Bald, Moose, Deer, White Cap, and Black Mountain can all be seen from his premises. From Snow Mountain, the highest peak in this vicinity, looking north, you can see thirteen lakes, the farthest being Lake Megantic. In addition to those on the road to Tim Pond are First and Second Lookouts; south from camp, Tim Pond Mountains, East Kennebago Mountains, West Maple Mountains. Tim Pond is 2,000 feet above sea level. The water is always cold, and trout will always rise to the fly. Three-quarters of a mile from Smith's camps on Tim Pond, on the pretty Tim Brook, are three beautiful cascades; average fall, fifty feet. A good trail leads to them. From Tim Pond is a good buckboard road to Seven Ponds, and fine camps there for guests. In this locality you are in the home of trout without number, which leap from every lake, pond and stream. Moose, caribou, deer, bears, foxes, raccoons, loupceviers, and all the smaller game range these forests, and guides can take you to the home of the beaver, and show you their houses, dams, and how they cut down trees.

Of the first hunter in this region a poet has said :—

“I love a man whose deeds are earnest,  
 Whose heart is faithful, whose words are true;  
 And little it matters where God has placed him,  
 Or what is the work that is his to do.  
 Whether he sits in the halls of marble,  
 To make the laws for a mighty land,  
 Or hears in the forest the wild bird's warble,  
 And grasps an axe in his brawny hand.

Just such a man was Tim, the hunter,  
 A guide, with record without a stain;  
 Who knew, like a book, each brook and river,  
 And loved every tree in the woods of Maine.  
 For forty years through the pathless forests  
 He followed the moose and the caribou;  
 But never again shall we hear his rifle,  
 Or, piercing the darkness, his loud halloo.

For Tim is at rest, his life-chase ended,  
 He sleeps 'mid the scenes that he loved so well,  
 By the side of a tranquil mountain lakelet,  
 Whose beauty the tourists with rapture tell.  
 And his memory lives in that sheet of water,  
 Though his spirit rests in the great Beyond,  
 And will live as long as the wavelets ripple,  
 For 'tis known to the world by the name, 'Tim Pond.' ”

Parties for Eustis go direct, instead of going to the left, to Smith's camp. The distance is the same. Here you find a first-class hotel, where good care is taken of all tourists or traveling men, neat rooms, good beds, courteous attention, and a table liberally supplied with the best the market affords. The hotel is located near the bank of the Dead River, in full view of Bigelow Mountain, one of the finest mountain views east of the Adirondacks. From Eustis, teams may be taken for Round Mountain Lake, near Eustis, where Kennedy Smith now is. Within a stone's throw of the house is the trail that Arnold took on his trip to Quebec, where relics are constantly found; trout are plenty in any direction, and game in profusion. At Eustis, buckboards may be



AT THE RANGELEY LAKES.

taken to seven good ponds, where are fine camps, and beyond which are four more ponds, terminating in Big Spencer Lake, eight miles long and one mile wide, which was opened to fishermen during the season of 1886. Here are good camps, and in this section are moose, caribou, deer and bears, and smaller game are plenty. Going north on Dead River, there is a buckboard road, leading to two ponds, also to Chain of Ponds, which are eight miles long, and full of trout. Here is a good house to accommodate tourists. Four miles from here is Arnold Pond, where General Benedict Arnold sank his boats before crossing the line to Canada.



# FISHING & HUNTING RESORTS OF RANGELEY LAKE REGION.

PARMACHENEE & SEVEN PONDS.

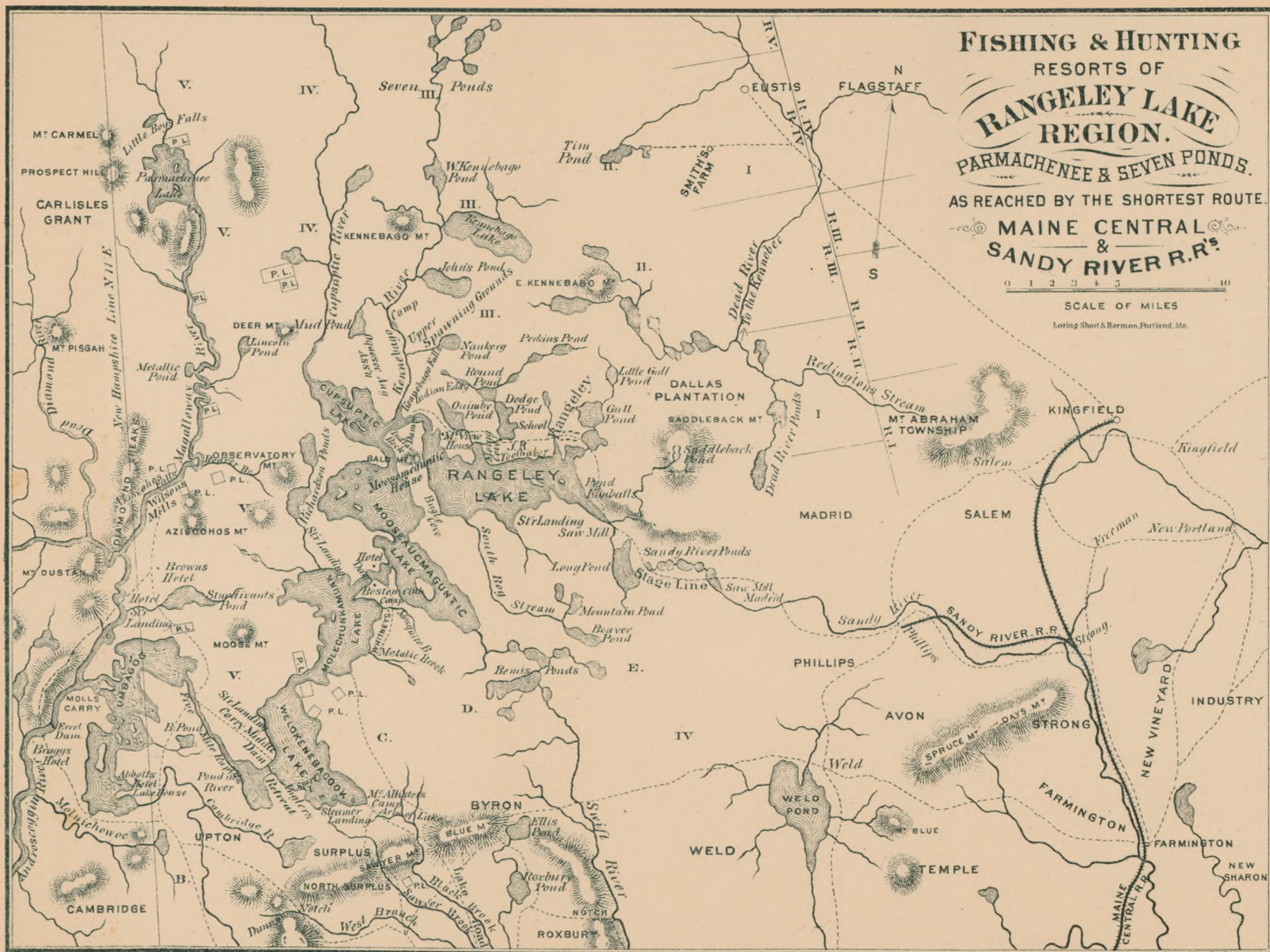
AS REACHED BY THE SHORTEST ROUTE.

MAINE CENTRAL  
&  
SANDY RIVER R.R.'s

0 1 2 3 4 5 10

SCALE OF MILES

Loring Short & Harmon, Portland, Me.





During the season of 1888 the great sporting resorts of the Dead River region will be opened to communication with the outside world by a telegraph line which it is proposed to built from Strong to Eustis. The work of construction will begin at once, and be completed before the opening of the season.

## LAKE MEGANTIC.

It will not be long before the route via Eustis will become the popular highway for reaching Megantic, Spider and Chain lakes; the two former across the boundary into Canada. This territory is the home of the Megantic Fish and Game Association, with 163 members, who annually repair to the elegant Club House located upon the southern shore of Spider Lake, where large fish and larger game are the rule, as they are in the neighboring *Dead River Region*.

A good trail now exists from Eustis to Chain Lake, and another from Megantic meeting it. Chain Lake lies about two miles from the Canadian border, in Maine, and Spider Lake an equal distance beyond in Canada, with Megantic three-fourths of a mile further. Deer and moose abound in this locality, with smaller game in great abundance.

Leaving this behind, if one's route lies toward the Rangeleys, soon

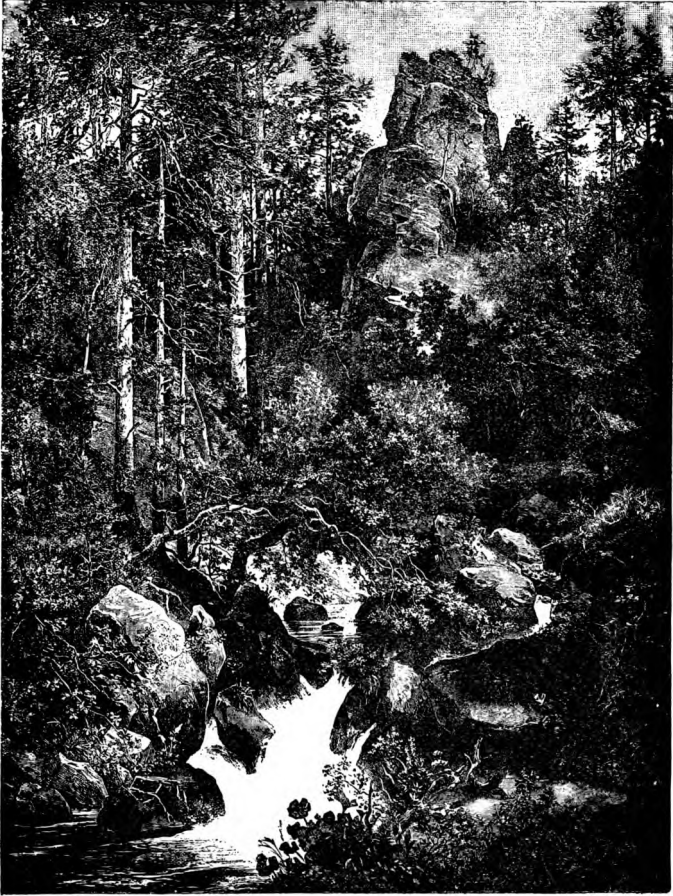
## PHILLIPS,

the terminus of the Sandy River Railroad, is reached; a pretty village, situated 732 feet above the sea level, in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the Sandy River, completely surrounded by hills and mountains. Its waters are pure, not excelled in any part of the world; mineral springs are numerous, whose healing and invigorating qualities are unsurpassed. The air is laden with the aroma of the fir and pine from the forest around. The rivers and streams in the section are full of trout. Phillips has telegraph and telephone, frequent mails, first-class livery stables, while the hotel accommodations are not excelled in New England, for here are the famous "Page's Elmwood Hotel" and "Farmer's Barden House." Mt. Blue, 2,804 feet high, is due south, six miles' drive, and a good path to its top. The view is scarcely equalled. The Saddleback Range is northwest eight miles, and its highest peak is 4,000 feet. Mt. Abraham is 3,400 feet high, ten miles away.

At Phillips, H. T. Kimball's line of mail coaches is in readiness to take one to Rangeley, eighteen miles away, on arrival of trains, with quick despatch, through a mountainous country, where the scenery is varied and picturesque. Tourists cannot say too much in its praise, particularly that part of it from Greenvale to Rangeley. The route of the stage from Phillips to Rangeley passes Greenvale at the foot of the lake, where, should the traveler wish, the steamer may be taken in preference to continuing the stage ride the closing three miles between that point and Rangeley village.

**RANGELEY.**

Rangeley village is the terminus of H. T. Kimball's stage line, and the central point of the sporting and fishing region of the Rangeley Lakes. It is situated on the margin of the charming Rangeley Lake, one of the most beautiful and famous in Maine, surrounded on all sides



A TROUT STREAM IN THE RANGELEY REGION.

by mountains and high hills, showing one of the finest views in the lake region. And high up on the hills, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, the pure, sparkling, God-given cold mineral water springs

forth, which for healing power and wonderful tonic and recuperative properties is not surpassed.

Here, in addition to the finest fishing and hunting in the mountain region, is a restful summer resort. No place in New England offers more attractive features to the sportsman or the seeker after health and pleasure. Here the sportsman and fisherman can hunt and throw the fly, and be rewarded with game and trout innumerable. Here, those who want rest—who do not care for the gay and fashionable life—will find one of the most charming spots for that repose of mind and body not to be found at the usual resorts; the invigorating effect of the bracing mountain air, mingled with the fragrance of the balsam fir and pine, giving new life and vigor to the invalid and overworked man of business and letters.

Haley Pond is in the centre of the village, and adjoins the grounds of the Rangeley Lake House. Boats are always on the pond for anglers, and fine boats for ladies and children. Any one who can throw a fly is sure to capture a speckled beauty. Quimby Pond, noted for fine trout, is within easy distance; to Gull Pond it is only two miles, to Dead River Pond four miles, Dead River stream five miles, Perk Pond one and one-half miles, Round Pond four miles, Long Pond four miles, Dodge Pond three miles, at all of which the management of the Rangeley Lake House keeps boats to accommodate his patrons, and furnishes first-class teams and guides, and the angler is sure to be rewarded when he goes to either.

Either at Greenvale or Rangeley may be taken the steamer "Molly-chunkamunk," Capt. F. C. Hewey master, which, commencing as soon as the ice leaves the lakes and navigation is open, connecting with stages for Phillips, will make two round trips per day between Rangeley and Mountain View House and Rangeley Outlet for Indian Rock, with connecting steamers for Bemis Camps, Parmachenee and points beyond. For Kennebago, take buckboard at Rangeley.

The Mountain View House, at the foot of Rangeley Lake, 1,700 feet above the sea, is a locality which for general attractiveness stands unrivaled among inland retreats, presenting some of the grandest scenery found in the mountain region. Bald Mountain, directly in front across the lake, rears its head into the clouds, and casts its long, darksome shadow into the lake, where

"The stag has drank his fill at morn."

The attractions for sportsmen and tourists in the vicinity are great. Trout weighing from one to five pounds are plenty but few rods from the house, and large and small game abound in the forest near at hand.

Owing to the vast number of guide-books to this region which have been written, and which are easily obtainable, there will be no attempt here to more than give a brief description of the route through the lakes.

From the Mountain View the steamer proceeds to Rangeley Outlet.

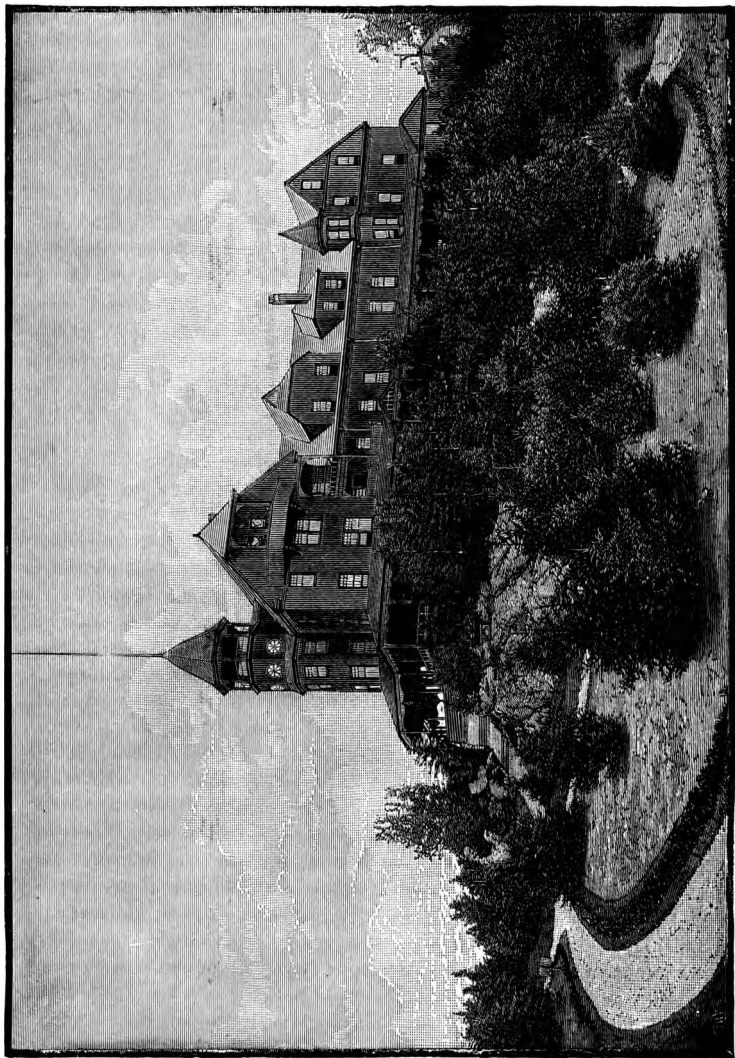
Here is a short carrying-place, so short that the walk is a pleasure; so much so, indeed, that conveyance, if provided, would be unpatronized. Buckboards are here to convey baggage to Indian Rock, the terminus of the carry.

At Indian Rock, the Oquossoc Angling Association, the *creme de la creme* in sporting circles, have built, on a beautiful elevation overlooking the hill-tops above the waters of the lakes, a sort of palatial camp, or lodge, as it is termed; and "Adam, in Paradise, never saw a more romantic and enticing place in which to weave his embowered cabin for the noble woman whom he rather familiarly called his rib." With these men, fishing is a science, and the worm and deep-water fishing are scorned as unworthy of their blood. They believe with the poet, who says:—

" 'Tis sweet to feel the plastic  
Rod, with top and butt elastic,  
Shoot the line in coils fantastic  
Till, like thistle-down, the fly  
Lightly drops upon the water,  
Thirsting for the finny slaughter  
As I angle  
And I dangle  
Mute and sly.

"Then I gently shake the tackle  
Till the barbed and fatal hackle  
In its tempered jaws shall shackle  
That old trout, so wary grown.  
Now I strike him! joy ecstatic!  
Scouring runs! leaps aerobic!  
So I angle,  
So I dangle  
All the day "

With great fervor they describe the ferocity of the fish in his struggles with the hook, and how, with constant windings and relaxations of the reel, they finally succeed in landing the gamey six or seven pounder, the process sometimes occupying a long hour or more. Their stories are not told about the primitive camp-fire, but around a table whereon is served every delicacy. The culinary department is in charge of one of our best Boston cooks, in copartnership with a pleasant-looking Oriental. When I learned who the gentlemen were who composed this Oquossoc Angling Association, I was not surprised at the elegant manner in which it is conducted. From Boston there are Henry M. Bigelow, Franklin B. Daniels, Edward E. Floyd, Charles W. Hersey, Jerome Jones, Weston Lewis, Lyman Nichols, Frederick W. Payne, Augustus Richardson, Francis A. Sawyer, John V. Spaulding, Frederick A. Turner, Charles G. White, and William B. Wood. The association is limited to sixty members, and includes a number from New York and Philadelphia.



"THE BLUFFS," MT. DESERT FERRY, ME.

At the Outlet, besides that to Indian Rock, another carry exists,—one and one-quarter miles by buckboard to Haines' Landing. Here near the Mooselucmaguntic House is the home of big trout, and you can always catch them. "The Narrows," "Sandy Point" and "Stony Batter," or the Islands, are but a short distance from the house, and are the best fishing-points on the "Great Lake." It was at these points that D. H. Blanchard, Esq., of Boston, in August of 1878, in one day caught three 6-pound trout; and the next day three more weighing 10½, 8 and 5 pounds, respectively, besides several smaller ones. In August, 1884, thirty-six trout, weighing 162 pounds, were caught, thirteen of them averaging 6 pounds each, and the largest 8½ pounds, beside small trout by the hundred. In 1886 the catch of large trout was enormous, varying in size from 3 to 12½ pounds.

In 1887 the catch exceeded any previous year, and the hotel was crowded all the season, for this locality is fast becoming a favorite one for tourists to spend the summer months. A good road is finished to Rangeley, but the pleasantest route is via steamer and buckboard road.

In addition to the attractions for the lovers of the piscatorial art, it is the "Hunter's Paradise." Ruffed grouse and duck are plenty during the open season within easy distance, and moose, caribou, deer and bears are plenty, and the trapper can get all he wishes of beaver, otter, mink and fisher.

Having crossed the carry to Indian Rock, the tourist finds waiting a trim little steamer which bears him on through Lake Mooselucmaguntic to Upper Dam, if he is bent on making the tour of the lakes; or if inclined to try the waters of Mooselucmaguntic, to the Bemis Camps, so called, situated at that point where Bemis Stream, the outlet of the chain of seven ponds bearing the same name, empties into the lake. Capt. F. C. Barker, the proprietor of the camps and owner of the steamboats plying the waters of the lake, is a gentleman well acquainted with the whole region round about, and amply able to point out to his guests the most advantageous grounds for the pursuit of game. Lake Mooselucmaguntic is eight miles long and two wide, forming the centre of the Rangeley chain. Steamers make daily trips upon its waters, between Bemis Camps, Bugle Cove, Haines' Landing, and other points. At the Upper Dam, where exists a nice hotel, opposite which is the Boston Club Camp, the tourist embarks upon one of the steamers of the Androscoggin Lake Transportation Company, to continue his journey across Lake Molechunkamunk and Welokenebacook to Middle Dam and South Arm. To this point the Maine Central Railroad issues round-trip excursion tickets, returning via Phillips and Farmington, or leaving the steamer at the landing at South Arm and proceeding via stage to Andover, thence to Bryant's Pond and the Grand Trunk Railway to Portland, connecting for Boston.

From the Middle Dam the chain of lakes still stretches on, and the tourist may follow by carry and steamer across Lake Umbagog to the

quaint and picturesque Magalloway River, with its many windings through which the steamer plows its way, at every turn revealing new scenes of beauty.

Parmachenee Lake, the source of the Magalloway, is inaccessible by steamer through the tortuous windings of that stream. Steamers approach within four miles of the lake, from which point the journey must be continued by carry. To reach Parmachenee by the shortest and most direct route, which is that via Farmington and Phillips, proceed to Indian Rock as given above, thence by steamer across Cupsup-tic Lake and up the river bearing the same name to a point opposite Parmachenee, and distant six miles by carry. After a good dinner and rest, the carry is accomplished through a charming, picturesque country. In fact, so many are the attractions of the trail that one arrives at the wharf at Black Cat Stream, the terminus of the carry, before he is aware of it. Here take a row-boat for two miles across the lake to the cordial welcome of Camp Caribou.

## CAMP CARIBOU

is situated on Treat's Island, in Parmachenee Lake, and affords good accommodations for gentlemen and ladies desiring to spend a few weeks of the summer months in a noted locality for camping, among the moose, deer, caribou and beaver; and in trout-fishing enjoying unexcelled sporting and piscatorial pleasures amid most beautiful scenery, in an atmosphere of superior healthfulness. Sportsmen cannot find a better place than PARMACHENEE LAKE and the surrounding country, which abounds in game and fish, and affords the very best facilities for an enjoyable and profitable vacation.

Within easy distance are the following excellent fishing grounds: Moose Brook,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile; Outlet,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Black Cat Brook,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Big Eddy,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Little Magalloway, 4 miles; Sunday Pond,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Saturday Pond, 2 miles; Long Pond,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Hardscrabble,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile; Inlet,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile; Little Boy's Falls,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles; Otter Creek, 3 miles; Rump Pond, 8 miles; Black Pond, 10 miles; Arnold's Bog, 8 miles; Cupsup-tic Pond, 10 miles; Beaver Pond, 3 miles.

The advantages of coming to this region are many. Here you are in the wilderness, in the centre of a game country comprising thousands of acres, yet its most inaccessible part may be reached by good conveyance in forty hours from New York. Here you get all home comforts, and at the altitude of 2,500 feet above sea level, hay fever is unknown. Pure spring water lies on all sides. Right at the door are the lakes, full of gamey trout. Therefore, all ye lovers of sport and all ye lovers of Nature, heed the invitation issuing from the forest embowered lakes and the woods of Maine, as they are stirred by the cooling breezes of summer, and hasten to an acceptance which will prove a certain pleasure and benefit.



## CHAPTER IV.

## NOOKS AND CORNERS ON THE COAST.

"Upon this line, if it takes all summer."

## PORTLAND, BRUNSWICK AND HARPSWELL.



FROM Kittery Point, the southern boundary of our coast line, commences the long fringe of its bays and capes, until Portland and Casco Bay are reached, where the whole seems to culminate in the indentations and extensions of this great bay, which stretches from Cape Elizabeth to the extremity of Harpswell, and further to the mouth of the Kennebec. Within its encircling arms it holds three hundred and sixty-five islands, large and small, where ten years ago the homes of a mere handful of fisher folks formed the only habitation. Now one finds the bluffs and slopes of each lined with gay cottages and grand hotels, while a never ceaseless fleet of pleasure steamers dart in and out among them, following routes which make every part of the bay accessible, and connecting these links of Ocean's chain with Portland, the metropolis of the State, and the centre of tourist travel to all parts of Maine. Thirty miles east of Portland by rail is Brunswick, the seat of Bowdoin College, the principal institution of learning east of Harvard, with a magnificent record for its graduates. Here meeting the mid-day train will be found stages daily for all points upon the long peninsulas which extend into the bay, to Harpswell and to Orr's Island,—the former rendered famous by the poet Whittier in his "Dead Ship of Harpswell," the latter the scene of Mrs. Stowe's famous novel, "The Pearl of Orr's Island."

Elm Island, the scene of those ever popular books for boys, Rev. Elijah Kellogg's "Elm Island Series," lies off the coast of Harpswell, in one of whose picturesque white meeting-houses that venerable servant of God and entertainer of youth still preaches.

Brunswick, with its "Whispering Pines," so fondly remembered by Longfellow, who was once an instructor at Bowdoin, is a cultured town of about 4,000 inhabitants, and with its surroundings of sea and shore offers many pleasant resting retreats.



## BOOTHBAY AND ABOUT THERE.

From Bath, the shores of Lincoln County, deeply indented by bays and inlets, extend eastward, with the Knox & Lincoln Railroad running directly across, connecting the heads of navigation; while long stage routes diverge in every direction, reaching all coast and inland towns of this section of the State. With headquarters at Bath, the terminus in this direction of the Maine Central Railroad, a fleet of trim little steamboats ply the waters of the Kennebec and Sheepscot rivers daily, connecting with trains from Boston and Portland to the many resorts upon the coast at the river's mouth and upon the outlying islands. Two hours are occupied in the sail from Bath, which is accomplished without the least fear of seasickness, through scenes upon either bank most beautiful, the shores for the greater part being heavily wooded; passing many a quaint old hamlet on the way to the interesting maritime village of Boothbay, a long peninsula serenely contemplating the sea from between the islands which form its magnificent harbor. Boothbay harbor is a favorite resort for yachts *en route* to Mt. Desert, the season generally seeing such flyers as the *Mayflower*, *Atlantic*, *Puritan*, *Priscilla* and *Galatea*, with hundreds of lesser craft, sheltered within her land-locked bay.

Squirrel, Mouse and Capital islands lie directly off Boothbay, and are visited daily by two or more steamers of the river fleet. These islands gleam with the white tents of campers and parti-colored cottages. Clean, neat and well-provided hotels and boarding-houses are here to be found for the entertainment of all. Boating, yachting and deep-sea fishing form the principal out-door attractions. To the antiquarian, however, there is much to attract, for from here may be taken sail to *Pemaquid*, the ancient, but a short distance east of Boothbay, or to its rival in interest, *Monhegan*, lying like a cloud low down in the seaward horizon, twelve miles from the nearest point upon the main land.

Both Pemaquid and Monhegan are rich in historic interest. Pemaquid, though now but an open field, covered with faint ruins and crumbling bastions, yet possesses more interest to the antiquarian than any other point upon the coast. Here was the centre of those combats of a hundred and fifty years, in which the mayflowers of Massachusetts and the roses of England uprooted the pale lilies of France from the rugged soil of New England. In 1674, when Fort Charles was built on the point, Pemaquid was called the metropolis of New England; yet twice thereafter it was destroyed by Indian hordes, until Sir William Phelps came with a great fleet, and caused the massive walls of Fort William Henry to be built and garnished with eighteen pieces of artillery. This was then the most powerful fortress in America, and soon beat off an attack of French frigates. The ruins of the old fort and the paved streets of the once populous city call back the story, as one stands amid their desolation to-day. Here in more modern

days, forming an echo of those troublesome times antedating by many years the landing of the Pilgrims, when the rose of England vied with the lily of France, each alternately struggling with the aboriginal savage for possession of these lands and waters, there occurred between Pemaquid and Monhegan, in the year 1813, that memorable sea-fight between the British brig Boxer and the American brig Enterprise, where in less than an hour the Boxer—who had gone into action with her colors nailed to the mast—fired a gun to leeward in lieu of lowering her flag, and surrendered, though not until after she was badly shattered in the hotly contested fight in which both brave commanders of the opposing vessels were killed. There are still living in this vicinity men who can say, with Longfellow,—

“I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it echoes o’er the tide.”

The two captains lie side by side in the ancient cemetery at Portland,

“In their graves o’erlooking the tranquil bay,”

yet their memories live in song and story.

Monhegan was settled as early as 1622,—traders and fisher folks mostly, who occupied it as a safeguard against the savages who ravaged the mainland. Samoset, who appeared to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, astonishing them by an English salutation of welcome, was the original lord of the isle of Monhegan and adjacent mainland, who was seized and carried to England by Capt. Hunt, and afterwards returned. The island contains a thousand acres of land, is nearly three miles long by a mile wide, with a rugged shore and high bluffs, washed by the deep-voiced ocean, beautiful in repose, and grand, terribly sublime, when lashed to fury by the northern gales.

Are you interested in the romance of history? Then, should you visit the Maine coast, take with you Sewell’s “Ancient Dominions of Maine,” read of Norumbega, that mysterious ancient city; of Damariscove, of Pemaquid, Monhegan and Les Isle Des Monts Desert, and visit them. You may stand where victor and vanquished have alternately stood since the discovery of this beautiful region, and the consequent strife engendered by the covetousness of the nations to possess it. Sink to rest with the harbor lights upon Pemaquid Point and Monhegan gleaming in the distance, and dream of the olden times and the busy scenes of which your present surroundings were the theatre.

## BELFAST BAY, NORTHPORT AND THE EASTERN SHORE.

The Penobscot River finds the sea in the beautiful land-locked Penobscot Bay, of which an arm is formed by Belfast Bay, upon whose shore stands the pleasant little city of Belfast (reached by the Maine

Central Railroad), upon a gentle slope overlooking the water. It has a population of 5,200, with three hotels and a fourth in process of erection, which, when finished, will be upon a par with any in the State. For the traveler in search of rest, Belfast offers many attractions. Numerous small lakes are within a few miles' ride, where one can fish or sail; or, if the benefit of salt-water sailing is preferred, there may be engaged at Belfast, neat, safe and tidy yachts, with skippers who are thoroughly posted.

Four miles below Belfast, reached by carriage or by steamer, as preferred, the summer village of Northport, with numerous hotels and cottages, stands looking seaward over the broad expanse of Penobscot Bay, which by travelers is said to rival the far-famed Bay of Naples in beauty. Thirty-five years ago the Methodist Society located in the here existing beautiful grove, for camp-meeting purposes, which has occurred annually at Northport since that time. But the original Methodist camp-ground has been outgrown, as the natural attractions of the site induced visitors to sojourn there during other seasons, and hotels and cottages have sprung up for their accommodation. About Northport are shady walks and drives innumerable; Fort Point lies fifteen miles to the northward, at the mouth of the Penobscot, where it is always cool enough to wear an overcoat; Camden, fourteen miles "down shore," via the turnpike road through the mountains, a route unsurpassed in New England except among the White Mountains; Blue Hill, just across Penobscot Bay, with its deserted copper mines; Castine, also across to the eastward, with its ruined forts and its almost primeval solitude; Islesboro, and other islands in the bay; and back of all Mt. Percival, situated between the two camp-grounds, and towering hundreds of feet above the sea level, so near that its summit can be reached easily by foot or carriage, from which a view may be obtained which will amply repay the exertion.

A little lower down the bay, reached also by rail to Rockland, thence stage or steamer, and one finds the picturesque town of Camden nestling upon the shore, and surrounded by rugged mountains. Most people consider the Camden Mountains especially grand, and Megunticook as picturesque in contour as the heights of Mt. Desert. Inland from the shore and town, ponds or lakes, three in number, lie in the shadow of the mountains, with fine summer residences around the border of the largest, Canaan Lake, and on its pretty wooded islands. The drive around the celebrated turnpike, upon the heights overlooking the sea, where stand beautiful summer residences of metropolitans, is particularly pleasing. Any sort of vehicle, from a buckboard to a coupé, swift-sailing yachts and boats of every description, may be had here for the enjoyment of visitors.

Isle au Haut lies directly off the eastern entrance to Penobscot Bay, the outermost of a chain of islands which upon the map seem but stepping-stones from it to the main land, yet providing such thoroughfares

as Eggemoggin Reach and Merchant Row, through which pass the steamers *en route* to Mt. Desert. This island is being pushed forward as a summer resort, several prominent New York gentlemen having purchased the larger portion, with a determination to make it one of the most attractive resorts on the eastern coast.

### MACHIAS AND CAMPOBELLO.

Eastward, still farther upon the coast line, in succession come the towns of Millbridge, Jonesport and Machiasport, reached by steamers of the Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Line, their only outlet to the west. These towns are serenely waiting the completion of the projected Maine Shore Line Railroad, which is destined in the future to open up this region—which holds some of the finest lumber now standing—to rail communication, when the line shall be built to connect Eastport with Portland and Boston. When this is done, the whole Maine coast will be easily accessible by rail and a short boat ride, as is the case at Mt. Desert. Campobello and Grand Menan will then be reached from Eastport, with the rail ride from Boston diverted by side-trips to Mt. Desert and other resorts, without the long boat journey which is now necessary, unless one should wish to approach that island resort from the cities of the West and South via the Provinces and Calais to Eastport. This magnificent coast, which in one unbroken line would reach from the eastern extremity of Maine around Florida to a point far up the Gulf of Mexico, contains many other attractive resorts and picturesque resting retreats than those named herein. There is much that the traveler must find out for himself. The possibilities of this region to please are truly wonderful.

## CHAPTER V.

DOCKS AND CORNERS IN THE  
INTERIOR.

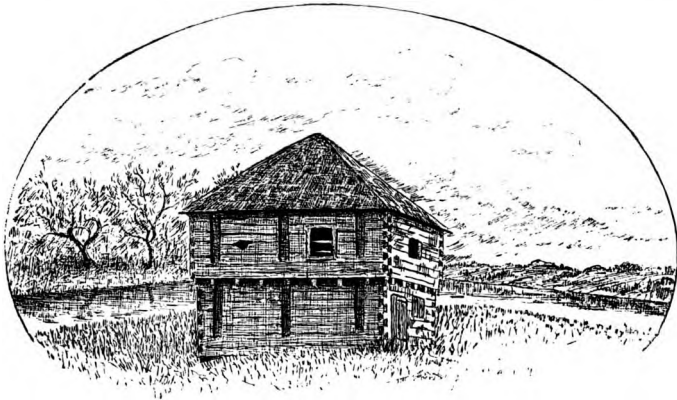
FROM the coast line back into the interior of the State, clustered about the falls of the great navigable rivers or about their headwaters, lies one of the chief charms of our Door-yard, in the quiet, peaceful little cities and towns, the homes of well-to-do citizens of the State, each generally possessing a more or less elaborate home, and endeavoring in a good-natured rivalry to give thereto some charm of neatness or good taste above his neighbor. Here the objectionable element which make up the slums of the larger cities is absent, or exists in so small a ratio as to be unnoticed.

## AUGUSTA, HALLOWELL AND GARDINER.

At the head of navigation on the Kennebec, where the great dam stores up a valuable water-power, utilized in its manufactories, stands Augusta, the bright little capital of Maine, with its nine thousand inhabitants. Upon the farther bank of the river, as one approaches Augusta from the west or leaves it behind on the returning journey, the gray granite pile which forms the State Asylum for the Insane rises towering from the river bank, while between it and Augusta may be seen the United States Arsenal, surrounded by its park-like grounds, which are kept with military neatness. The State House, where meet the Solons of Maine in biennial sessions to frame the laws of the Commonwealth, stands hidden from the eye of passengers upon the train, at a point nearly opposite the Insane Asylum, upon the same river-side with the train, but concealed by the high bluff which here exists between city and river. From its dome commands an inspiring view of the broad Kennebec, and the graceful villages which dot the hill country for miles around. At Augusta the tracks of the Maine Central Railroad cross the river upon a magnificent iron bridge erected in 1886,

whose strength will remove all apprehension of danger as one looks down from the passing train into the heaving, surging water.

Just below the capital the cities of Hallowell and Gardiner perpetuate the names of their first proprietors, each employed in quarrying,—one granite from the hills, the other ice from the river. “Our blossoming is granite and ice,—the fruitage is gold,” quaintly remarks John Neal, Portland’s poet and critic; and indeed not so far has Maine ice been distributed but it finds a neighbor in the granite cut from the Hallowell quarries. This product is a remarkably light-colored stone of fine texture, and blocks have been removed from the quarry weighing fully one hundred tons. The remarkable texture and color of the stone have made it much sought after in the arts, as the following incomplete list of monuments cut from it will testify: the Plymouth



OLD FORT HALIFAX,

At Junction of Sebasticook and Kennebec Rivers, Winslow, Me.

monument, at Plymouth, Mass., commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims; the Yorktown monument; Smith monument, Philadelphia; the Sphinx, Mount Auburn Cemetery; Hon. Zach Chandler monument, Detroit, Mich.; Gen. Myers monument, Buffalo, N. Y.; and the Governor Washburn monument, Chicago, Ill. Newly finished and shipped to Chicago from this quarry, the Hon. John Wentworth monument stands upon a shaft, also of Hallowell granite, fifty-two feet in height, and weighing between sixty and seventy tons.

The company’s force of artisans and sculptors are now engaged upon a series of fifteen monuments to be placed upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, to mark the positions occupied by Maine troops during the three days’ fight. The post of honor upon the field will be occupied by one of these stones, marking the spot where stood the 20th Maine

round their gallant General Joshua L. Chamberlain,—afterwards Governor of the State. The world is acquainted with the story of the brave defence of Little Round Top, and the gallant charge of the Maine troops, which historians credit with being the turning-point which decided the question of battle.

Apart from the monuments which stand in many sections of the country, many of the most elaborate public buildings of the land are composed of stone hewn from the hills of Maine. Among these, the Court House and Post-office, Atlanta, Georgia; the Court and City building, Board of Trade building and Pullman Company offices, Chicago, Ill.; the Mutual Life Insurance building, Mahattan Bank building, Equitable building and the West Museum of Art building, New York City; the beautiful State Capital at Albany and the North Western Insurance Company building, at Milwaukee, Wis., are sufficient to show how widely diffused and valuable is the stone. The material for countless private buildings and monuments has been forwarded from this point. A large number of skilled workmen cut at the sheds in Hallowell some of the finest ornamental work ever produced in stone, from designs furnished by the company's artists.

And not only at this point are the granite hills of Maine carved and cut into material for building the monuments of our country, though the Hallowell product be more generally used in the arts, yet that most prominent monument of the nation's wealth and prosperity, the New York Post-office and United States Court building, the most imposing public edifice in the metropolis, erected at a cost of \$7,000,000, is constructed from granite brought from Dix Island, Maine. The paving blocks which form the streets of far-away Chicago, of Cleveland, and many other western cities, are but the stones transferred from this corner of our Door-yard, and form part of Maine's tribute to the prairie States.

Gardiner, the true head of navigation on the Kennebec, is most actively engaged in ice shipping, beside which there is large lumber trade. Nearly all coal used in "up river" towns is brought to Gardiner by sailing vessels and reshipped by rail. Hundreds of vessels visit this port every season, and it is no uncommon sight to witness a tow of a half-dozen schooners proceeding up the quiet river, following the puffing little propeller which seems a mite beside the mammoth bulk of the great four-masters which form the larger part of this shipping, though an occasional bark or brig, with sometimes a full-rigged ship, destined to carry the frozen product to foreign climes, arrests the attention. The depot here stands near the mouth of the Cobbosse-Contee stream, at a point where in early days existed a noted Indian camping-ground. This stream furnishes power for most important manufacturing interests, including a half-dozen paper mills, besides foundries, machine works and lumber mills. The city has a population of about 5,000, and is thoroughly alive.



## WATERVILLE, AND THE ANCIENT DEFENCES OF THE KENNEBEC.

Nineteen miles above Augusta, on the Kennebec, to be reached immediately after crossing the river upon another solid structure of iron and steel, above the tortuous falls bearing the old Indian title, "Ticonic," a group of broad streets, lined upon either side by peaceful homes shaded by venerable forest trees, proclaims the newly created city of Waterville, one of the most beautiful in Maine. Here, directly opposite the station of the Maine Central, stand the buildings of Colby University, one of the most ancient and well established of Maine's educational institutions. This proved the training school of that leader in American politics, Benjamin F. Butler. Waterville forms the centre of the great railway thoroughfare of our Door-yard. Here the lines



COLBY UNIVERSITY, WATERVILLE, ME.

running by the Kennebec and Androscoggin meet. The mammoth shops of the railroad company, where are built locomotives and cars for transporting the summer visitors to the play-ground of our country, are situated here, and afford employment to a large number of skilled workmen. Here, too, exists the great cotton mill of the Lockwood Company, with hundreds of operatives from among the citizens of this infant municipality. There is no part of Waterville but is picturesque and beautiful, while wide rural roads lead out through long-settled environs lined with well-cultivated home acres. The great hotel, The Elmwood, modern and complete in every particular, lifts its handsome front above the tall elms and maples which shade its cool verandas, and invites a sojourn and excursion from its portals along the broad river road or to the adjacent lake country of China and Belgrade.

Just across the river from Waterville, to be seen plainly from the

train as it passes the sleepy hamlet of Winslow, still stands Fort Halifax, an old block-house, one of the ancient defences of the valley. This relic, a reminder of old Indian forays, remains unchanged save that as a measure of preservation it has been newly shingled, and may be seen immediately after the passage of the bridge crossing the Sebasticook River between Winslow and Waterville.

Other relics of the troublesome times experienced by the early settlers present themselves to view from the train as it follows the Kennebec, from the first glimpse at Richmond to this point. Passing east from Richmond, as the train nears the Dresden Ferry, an old barn, standing alone on a point of land between the railroad and the river, marks the site of Fort Richmond, built in 1719 as a defensive work, and also as a truck-house for traffic with the Indians.

From this point, looking down the river, both branches of the river can be seen as it divides to encompass Swan Island. This island was once the headquarters of the Kennebec Indians. A short mile further up the river on the opposite bank, partly hidden by a curtain of pines, a large square house may be seen, with an old-fashioned hip roof and four stories high. This is one of the oldest buildings on the river. It was erected by the Plymouth Company in 1760 as a court-house for the new county of Lincoln, and also as a tavern. Its exterior remains unchanged, and the upper rooms, with their high fire-places, are the same as when juries met here to deliberate a century and a quarter ago. Fort Shirley, first called Frankfort, erected in 1751-2, stood upon the point of land now occupied by the old court-house.

Another of these ancient buildings stands upon the opposite bank of the river, just before entering the city of Augusta. Its roof is covered with short shingles and pierced by three huge chimneys. This building is all that remains of Fort Western, erected by the Plymouth Company in 1754. It is one hundred feet long, and was designed for officers' quarters, barracks for the garrison, and as a store-house. The block-houses connected with it have long since gone to decay, and this old building, now used as a tenement house, is all that remains of the defensive works erected to protect the settlements on the lower Kennebec during the last of the numerous French and Indian wars of colonial times.

Through all this region it is no uncommon thing for the plow to turn up stone implements, arrow heads and beads of wampum, while occasionally excavations will reveal the resting-place of a grim warrior, placed in a sitting posture generations ago by hands which have long since ceased to labor, and surrounded by the weapons and trinkets which he was supposed to take with him to the happy hunting-grounds. About the Ticonic Falls, at Waterville, was a favorite rendezvous of the Indians, and as lately as two years ago an excavation for a cellar near by disclosed the burial-place of six gaunt skeletons, probably the victims of some fatal foray, brought from the field to their last resting-place beside the murmuring river.

## NORRIDGEWOCK, MADISON AND NORTH ANSON.

Reached via Oakland, distance six miles west of Waterville, and the Somerset Railroad, the towns named above are on the pathway to the great northwestern wilderness. The railroad runs north from Oakland across an open rolling country, with occasional glimpses of lofty blue hills in the distance. The Kennebec is crossed at Norridgewock, and several miles further on the monument to Father Rasle may be seen in a broad field upon the left. Norridgewock is a quiet old hamlet, with tall elms arching its streets. It seems as near Sleepy Hollow as a Yankee village can be, yet its name is linked with the early days of the colonies, when the business of old Norridgewock was very considerable. The Indian hunter exchanged here the spoils of his arduous hunting excursions for the fire-water and the trinkets of his pale-faced brother, and a thriving trade was carried on with the neighboring rural towns.

Sebastian Rasle, a Jesuit, formerly Greek professor in an ancient French college, settled at Norridgewock as early as the year 1695. This Christian mission had been established in the year 1610, for in that year the French people in Lower Canada opened communication with the populous Indian village which here existed, the chief town and capital of the Norridgewock tribe, and founded a Roman Catholic Mission.

Father Rasle was the last of the missionaries here. He prepared a dictionary of the language of his savage flock,—now at Harvard College. Here he won the love of the savages, and they the fear and hatred of the English colonists upon the south. It was reported that a superb consecrated banner, emblazoned with a cross and sheaf of arrows, was sometimes seen flashing like a meteor over the burning villages and murdered colonists of Maine. Accordingly the Provincial authorities decided to wipe out this abode of danger, and in two military expeditions, in 1705 and 1722, burned and pillaged the town and the chapel in which worshiped the redskin congregation; but still the mission existed, was rebuilt and flourished. Finally, a body of two hundred and eight soldiers from Fort Richmond (previously pointed out in the ascent of the Kennebec) marched against the village and skillfully surrounded it. The aged Father Rasle was shot at the foot of the village cross, and all who failed to pass the environment of beseigers were massacred. Seven chiefs, who tried to protect their pastor's body with their own, were slain with him. The poet Whittier, in "Mogg. Magone," gives a thrilling description of the village and the massacre:—

"And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,  
And the aged chief stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes, sodden and dank,  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,  
Tethered to tree, and stump, and rock,  
Rotting along the river bank!"

Leaving Norridgewock with its memories behind, one soon comes to Madison village, connected by a bridge with Anson upon the opposite side of the Kennebec. These with North Anson form a trio of brisk New England villages, with several mills to provide employment for those outside the farming industry.

### SKOWHEGAN.

Just one hundred miles east of Portland by rail, the terminus of one of the Maine Central lines is Skowhegan. This is the store-house of the upper Kennebec, more than fifty towns drawing most of their supplies from Skowhegan. Thus it is one sees well-stocked stores, presenting a very unusual appearance in a town of but 4,000 inhabitants. It is a bustling, thriving little place, one of the most enterprising in Maine, and bids fair to become a great manufacturing centre. The Kennebec at the falls produces a magnificent water-power, and down by the river are clusters of mills rattling and clattering while increasing the wealth of this prosperous little village.

Skowhegan boasts hotel accommodations superior to most towns of its size. Upon the main street two or three houses of entertainment are situated, commodious and modern, where the wayfarer will find the best of everything afforded by the locality and the season.

Skowhegan is the door-way through which is reached the wilderness of Maine, with its game, which attracts so many hunters and anglers during the season. Through cars from Portland to Skowhegan may be taken. From Skowhegan run daily stages, following the Upper Kennebec through the towns of Solon and Bingham to The Forks of the Kennebec.

Bingham deserves special mention for its quiet, pastoral beauty. Arrived at The Forks, the sportsman finds ample hotel accommodation, with telephone and telegraph communication with the outside world. Here he may make his headquarters, or procuring a guide strike out through the great forests, sure to encounter large game to try his skill and prowess.

### AUBURN AND LEWISTON,

the "twin cities," are situated on opposite banks of the Androscoggin River, at a point where occurs the largest water-fall in Maine, called the West Pitch and Lewiston Falls. Nothing this side of Niagara can equal it in beauty and grandeur in the spring, when the water at its highest comes tumbling and foaming over the rocky bowlders in a fall of fifty-two feet. This fall has its profile as well as the White Mountains, and the "Old Man of the Falls" can be seen by any one with a quick and discerning eye, as he seems to stand guard over the swift rushing water.

Auburn is the first reached by the train from the west. As one enters the city a view is had of the Little Androscoggin, a beautiful

stream rising up among the hills and mountains, and rushing down to join the Androscoggin proper. This stream furnishes power for numerous industries, the most notable of which are the Barker Mills, to be seen on the right, the product of whose looms is known over the entire land.

Just before entering the limits of the station there looms up a large structure, a manufactory of wooden boxes. On the left the land rises gradually, and is dotted with elegant residences and well-tilled farms.

Entering the station, one seems to be surrounded by great brick and wooden buildings, alive with the hum of machinery, significant of Auburn's special industry,—shoe manufacturing, giving employment to one thousand five hundred men and six hundred women, who produce annually an average of five million pairs.

Lake Auburn Spring Hotel, at the mineral spring, is distant five miles from the twin cities, over a pleasant stage road which leads for miles along the shore of the lake. Horse cars make regular trips from the station at Auburn, and run about three miles to the ancient Baptist hamlet of East Auburn, where passengers embark upon a steamboat for the journey across the lake to the hotel, which is a modern and well-appointed house, with broad verandas, beautifully situated on a bold bluff, one hundred feet above the adjacent lake and nine hundred feet above sea level.

Crossing the iron railroad bridge which connects the twin cities, and where a brief view may be had in crossing of the grand falls above mentioned, one enters Lewiston,—one of the brightest and most enterprising of the manufacturing cities of New England, where for more than a century the tireless motion of machinery moved by the swift waters of the Androscoggin has made ceaseless industrial music. Lewiston dates from 1770. In 1795 it was incorporated as a town, and in 1861 it became a city. From a population of 3,584 in 1850 it has advanced to 24,000 at the present time.

Lewiston commands an abundant water-power. Cotton and woolen goods (shirtings, sheetings, cassimeres, beavers, tweeds, cloakings), boots and shoes, lumber, machinery, etc., are products to the annual valuation of \$50,000,000. The city hall, a very fine building, contains a library of over 6,000 volumes, which was founded by the corporation in 1861.

Bates College, founded by the Free Baptists in 1863-64, and named in honor of Benjamin F. Bates, of Boston, with its adjunct, Cobb Theological Seminary, is one of the growing colleges of the country. The present season the college will erect an astronomical observatory on Mt. David, near at hand, which will be equipped with a superb telescope of the largest size, and will be placed in charge of one of the country's leading astronomers.

The great cotton-mills, the Continental, Bates, Hill, Androscoggin, Lewiston and others, run 400,000 spindles, and use every year 13,000

tons of cotton. The product each year of cotton and woolen goods would more than belt the earth at the equator.

## FARMINGTON.

High on a bluff, beyond the lovely intervals of the Sandy River, rise the roofs and spires of Farmington. This is the terminus of the Maine Central in this direction, and the terminus also of broad-gauge locomotion. Beyond this point the Sandy River narrow-gauge conveys travelers on to Strong, Kingfield (by connection with the Franklin & Megantic Railroad) and Phillips, the gateway to the Rangeley Lakes. Farmington, or "Farming-town," derives its name from "the goodness of its soil for agriculture." This is a typical country town,—quiet, tree-embowered, peaceful. There are two hotels,—the Willows and the Stoddard House, where many travelers find good accommodations when bound for the lakes beyond. About and in the village are several noted schools, "chief of which is Little Blue, occupying the picturesque estate where Jacob Abbott dwelt when he wrote those charming classics of our childhood's days, the Rollo books. For nearly fifty years this school has been under the charge of Mr. A. H. Abbott, and hundreds of men now gray with age remember fondly the glens and dells and ponds about the old school." The most important industry is farming. The orchard product of the region is enormous, while at no place does sweet corn attain such a growth or such perfection as here upon the rich intervals of the Sandy River, where before the eye of European gazed upon its beauties the red man had his corn-fields. There are in Maine seventy corning establishments, which produce 10,000,000 cans of sweet corn yearly. The corn is picked and husked at early morning, cut from the cob by a machine, boiled in sealed cans for half an hour, then opened to let the gas escape, and is finally re-soldered. Ther labelled and boxed it is diffused over the entire world. In polar seas, on the pyramid of Cheops and in the shadow of the great Sphinx, in cabin and in forecastle on the deep, in the cotton and rice fields of the South, in settlement and in city, on mountain and in cañon of the far West, on the table of the college president and in the hut of the African savage, a luxurious edible alike to the Vassar graduate and the Mexican "greaser,"—among all races and nationalities, everywhere, in fact, is found and enjoyed preserved and delicious sugar corn which comes from the State of Maine.

## BANGOR.

Situated upon the bank of the noble Penobscot, at the point where navigation ceases, sixty miles from the sea, the city of Bangor, third in the State in point of inhabitants and importance as a trade centre, extends over the slopes and summits of many hills, and forms the home of some twenty thousand of the people of Maine. As early as 1656

a fort was erected by the French on the site now occupied by the city, and named Norumbega, the "ancient and populous city" whose domes and towers, described by early travelers, have inspired many a voyager from the shores of Europe. Its modern name is taken from the old-time psalm-tune, Bangor, which proved a favorite with the preacher to the little band of settlers clustered around the falls of "Condeskeag," the old Indian title.

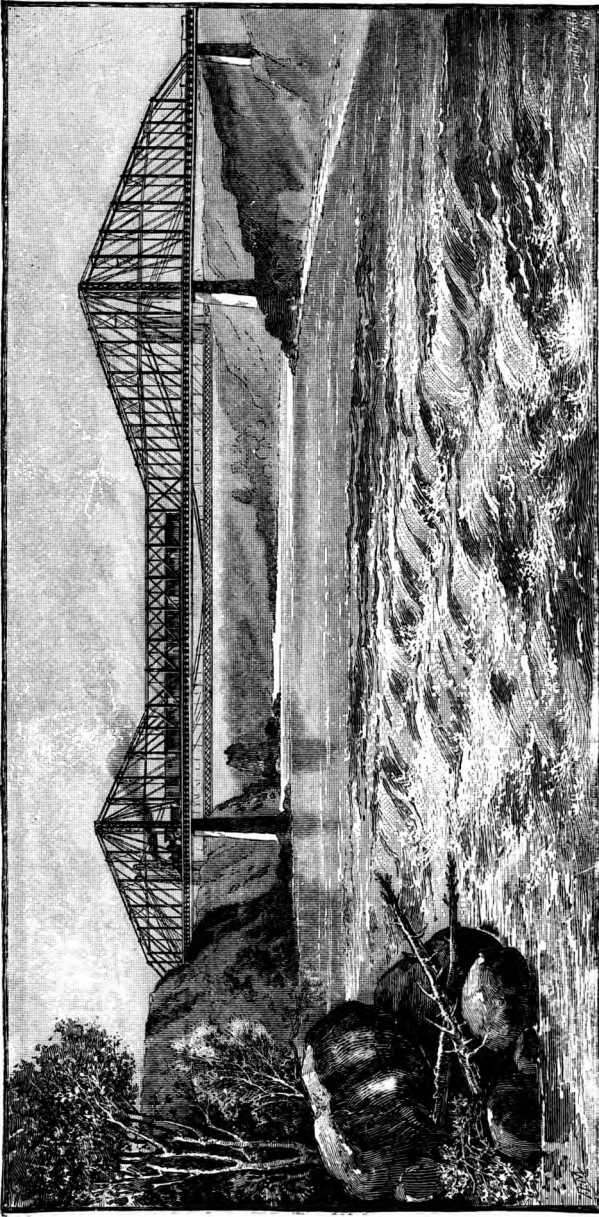
Bangor is now the second lumber mart of the world. To this point the tributaries of the Penobscot, which penetrate the great lumber country lying north of Bangor, float down their millions of logs annually to the great booms which at Bangor stop their further progress and huddle them together until the surface of the river is hidden by their accumulation. From here they are distributed to the six large mills at Bangor, where they are manufactured into long and short lumber. To its fine river harbor come each season hundreds of vessels, flying the flag of all the great maritime nations of the earth, to load the product of the Maine forests, and bear it hence to every quarter of the inhabited globe.

Besides its lumber interests, Bangor controls a rural trade from a vast territory round about, and also forms an important railroad centre. From it diverge the lines of the Maine Central toward Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Bucksport, Moosehead Lake, and to Vanceboro', on the route to the Provinces. Entertainment may be found at large, commodious hotels, chief among which are the Bangor Exchange and Bangor House, the latter making the somewhat egotistical boast of being "the only really first-class house in Maine." If this be true in Yankee-land, where all are kept with the proverbial taste and neatness of New England, then the house will be well worth a visit. The "Queen City of the East," as Bangor is termed, is the leading social centre of the Penobscot valley. Among the handsome residences which line its broad shaded streets are the homes of many opulent and cultured citizens. There are few communities where so large a proportion of its sons and daughters have been extensive travelers. Hospitality is the rule among all classes. Small social gatherings and large private parties are numerous. In winter the city is particularly gay. Men, women and children go out in all weather, without regard to frost or snow. The air is invigorating, and the landscape covered with snow; the streets are merry with tinkling bells, and on pleasant days young men accompanied by their sweethearts, fathers with their families, and jockeys with their trotters, hold high carnival on the Hampden Road, a broad avenue offering a delightful drive.

Bangor enjoys the distinction among "the profession" of being the best show-town upon the circuit. Its spacious opera house is unsurpassed outside the largest cities, and in it appear the best of artists.

Year by year the steady growth in wealth, culture and local pride increases, and Bangor takes an honorable place among the cities of New England.





CANTILEVER BRIDGE (809 feet long), OVER ST. JOHN RIVER, AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

## THE PENOBSCOT AS A SALMON RIVER.

Before leaving Bangor, it would be well to consider one of the distinctive features of our Door-yard which here exists, and which offers particular charms to the angler.

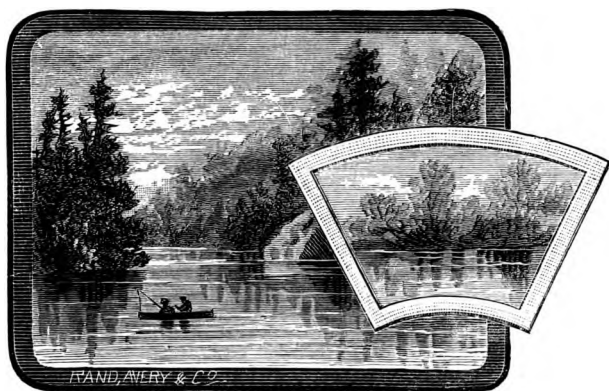
“More than a hundred years ago, in 1784, mention is made of the abundance of salmon in the Penobscot River at Treat’s Falls, Bangor, and at Lover’s Leap on the Kenduskeag stream at that point. There were no dams on the rivers at that time, and so plenty were they that the historian tells us that as ‘one John Chambers was standing on the wharf at Brewer, one evening in May, he observed the wake of a fish swimming in the river, and made up his mind to capture him. He jumped into a boat, and sculling near, thrust his hand into the water, seized the fish and drew it into the boat. It proved to be a nice fat salmon, weighing ten and one-half pounds.’ The first and only salmon caught with a hook through the ice was caught by Timothy Colby, in Kenduskeag stream, January 3, 1818. It weighed five and a quarter pounds. Forty to one hundred salmon a day were easily taken in the early spring, at this period. But this, remember, was in ye olden time. During the season of 1887 sportsmen by the hundred tried their luck, and were rewarded with fine specimens of the king of fish, weighing from sixteen to thirty-two pounds. And the same parties, with hundreds of others, from Boston, New York, and other central points, have made their arrangements to come here at the commencement of the season of 1888, for the reason there is not a fishing privilege like it in North America. There are undoubtedly many fine salmon grounds in the Eastern country, but Bangor, the ‘Queen City,’ which is reached by the Maine Central Railroad in nine hours from Boston, or fourteen hours from New York, can with propriety be called the ‘Anglers’ Paradise,’ for the ‘enthusiasts of the rod’ can make their home at the first-class hotels, and ride direct to the fishing ground, one mile distant, and take the ‘king of fish’ with the fly. The salmon here are very gamey, and afford splendid sport. It is only five miles from the salt water. The water is deep and strong. The salmon, fresh and vigorous, take the fly with a leap clear of the water, and contest their capture to the last. ‘I never saw their equal in fighting qualities,’ was the remark of a professional angler last season. These waters are the home of the salmon, and the king of fish awaits the anglers’ pleasure, which in size and flavor charms alike the eye and tastes, and they cannot equal the catch or situation anywhere on the continent.

“Henry P. Wells, who is authority on the subject, says: ‘Where there was one fly fisherman in the United States ten years ago, there are ten now. Its practice is begun with indifference,—oftentimes out of mere good-fellowship and to please some friend,—but it is followed with enthusiasm. Expose the proper temperament to the contagion, and the disease is sure to follow. Recreation must thereafter be sought

rod in hand. May the disease,—if disease it may be called,—every moment of which is fraught with health and happiness, become epidemic among my countrymen!’

“And it surely will become an epidemic, when you can reach the finest fishing-ground in America in vestibule and palace drawing-room cars in a few hours from Boston or New York, and from any point in the Union with quick dispatch, and have elegant apartments at first-class hotels one mile from same. Such is the fact.”

It would be impossible to fully describe the many pleasant cities and towns which form the nooks and corners of our Door-yard, each with its history dating back to early colonial times, with many a pathetic tale and noble sacrifice to give zest thereto. The few which have received special mention here are but representatives of the many which exist throughout our Door-yard, and which offer attractions to settlement or to sojourn.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE INHABITANTS OF THE DOOR-YARD.

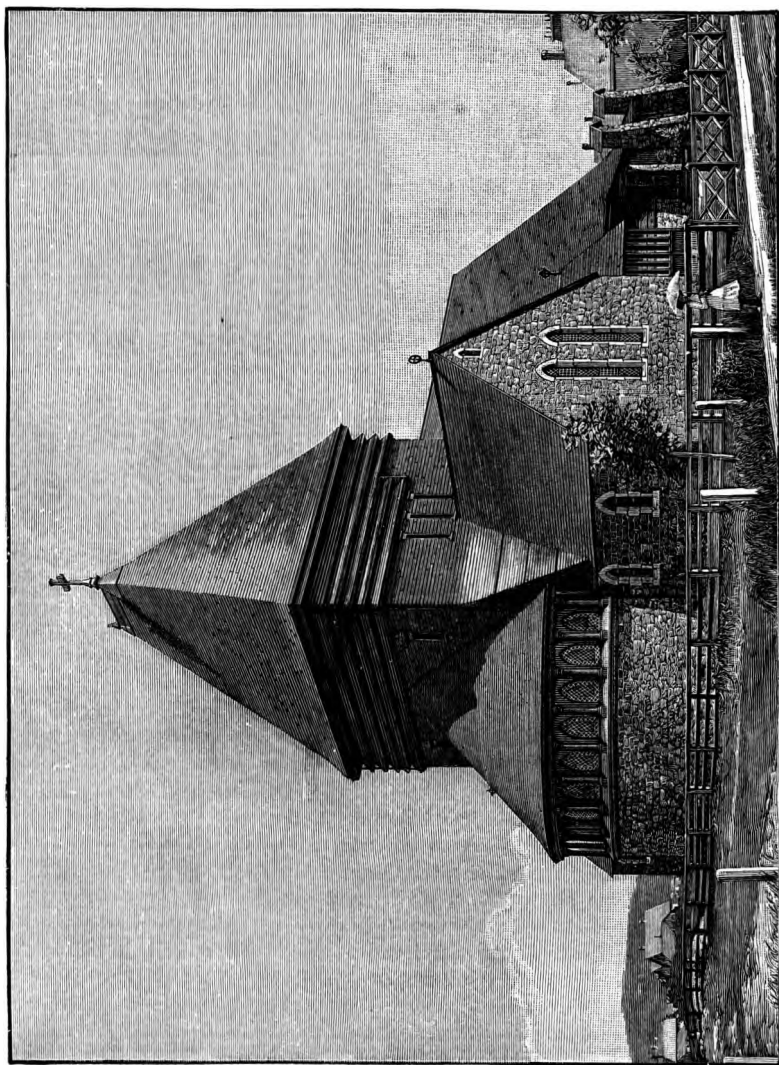
## WHERE AND HOW THEY LIVE.



ELSEWHERE we have said : " The people who come to Maine meet a cordial and honest welcome." This is true. In a letter from Boston to the *Minneapolis Tribune*, F. R. Guernsey, after some entertaining anecdotes of ex-Vice President Hamlin, Bangor's most honored citizen, discourses thus happily of Maine men and things :—

" The people of Maine are very unlike the people of Massachusetts. They are more like Westerners. Their hospitality is proverbial. Their social life is very gay. The richer of them have traveled a great deal, and the homes of the well-to-do citizens of the Pine Tree State are homes of quiet luxury and culture. Maine has given to Massachusetts two of her most noted Governors, Andrew and Long. The staffs of the great newspapers of the country contain a large proportion of Maine men. In Massachusetts some of the ablest politicians are natives of Maine, as are many of the richest Boston merchants and the most distinguished lawyers. The old coast towns of Maine were settled by the most adventurous merchants of Massachusetts, and to-day, in towns like Castine, Belfast and Calais you will find fine old families of excellent culture, used to wealth for generations. Yet half the people of this shoe-making, tailoring State affect to look down on the old State of Maine, with counties big enough to swallow Massachusetts, and with lakes big enough to drown a Massachusetts shire."

Maine has sent thousands of her sturdy sons to build up the great Northwest. This would seem to create the impression, often asserted, that Maine is a good place to be born in, but a poor one in which to get a living. Yet the intelligent observer will note among its residents a growing prosperity each year. Here the farmer does not find it necessary to raise great crops of any one kind in order to insure himself a



SAINT SAUVEUR'S CHURCH, BAR HARBOR.

profit on his year's work. The convenience of markets allows him to sell readily at a remunerative price anything he may raise, and to obtain in return, at moderate prices, whatever luxuries he may desire.

During the past twenty years Maine has shown a steady increase in prosperity, in many respects superior to its neighboring States. And with a further extension of its magnificent railroad system it will make rapid strides toward a greater prosperity. Already a new trunk line is being constructed across the northern portion of the State, through an extent of country rich in timber and agricultural resources, and two other lines are contemplated in the eastern and southeastern sections of the State. The building of these roads will in a few years draw large amounts of capital into Maine for investment among its many hitherto unimproved water-powers, and for the development of its natural resources.

The healthfulness of the climate is enhanced by the absence of periodical rains, and by an exposure oceanic on the south, maritime on the east, northeast and southeast, and by the Gulf Stream vapors which sweep across the surface of the State.

## CITIES, TOWNS AND POPULATION.

There are in Maine 15 cities, 413 towns, 189 plantations and unorganized townships. Portland is the largest city, with a population of nearly forty thousand. While Maine has but three cities of over 10,000 population,—Portland, Bangor and Lewiston,—there are ten others of over 5,000 population,—Augusta, Waterville, Hallowell, Ellsworth, Gardiner, Belfast, Calais, Bath, Rockland and Saco. Of its 413 towns, 231 have over 1,000 population, and 77 over 2,000.

The population in the State in 1880 was 648,886 persons, of whom 58,833 were foreign born and 625 Indians. Of its white population, 588,193 persons were born in the United States, while 561,471 were born in Maine, 10,041 in Massachusetts, 9,440 in New Hampshire, 1,818 in New York, 1,476 in Vermont. The States of Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island each contributed over 500 persons. Of the foreign-born population, 19,095 persons came from Canada, 13,955 from New Brunswick, 13,421 from Ireland, 3,716 from England, 1,397 from Scotland, 3,574 from Nova Scotia, 283 from Wales, 988 from Sweden, 688 from Germany, 128 from France. The foreign born affect mostly the larger cities; the Canadians employed among the cotton mills of Lewiston and Biddeford, and the Europeans generally among the laborers of Portland.

Maine has given very largely of its native-born population to the other States of the Union, as the following table will show:—

|                    |        |                     |       |
|--------------------|--------|---------------------|-------|
| Alabama.....       | 171    | North Carolina..... | 139   |
| Arkansas.....      | 339    | Ohio.....           | 2,386 |
| California.....    | 14,497 | Oregon.....         | 1,453 |
| Colorado.....      | 2,619  | Pennsylvania.....   | 3,345 |
| Connecticut.....   | 2,431  | Rhode Island.....   | 2,846 |
| Delaware.....      | 131    | South Carolina..... | 135   |
| Florida.....       | 502    | Tennessee.....      | 194   |
| Georgia.....       | 292    | Texas.....          | 867   |
| Illinois.....      | 7,451  | Vermont.....        | 1,361 |
| Indiana.....       | 1,165  | Virginia.....       | 346   |
| Iowa.....          | 5,783  | West Virginia.....  | 186   |
| Kansas.....        | 3,538  | Wisconsin.....      | 7,861 |
| Kentucky.....      | 264    |                     |       |
| Louisiana.....     | 387    |                     |       |
| Maryland.....      | 506    |                     |       |
| Massachusetts..... | 68,226 |                     |       |
| Michigan.....      | 5,079  |                     |       |
| Minnesota.....     | 12,511 |                     |       |
| Mississippi.....   | 133    |                     |       |
| Missouri.....      | 2,108  |                     |       |
| Nebraska.....      | 2,133  |                     |       |
| Nevada.....        | 1,198  |                     |       |
| New Hampshire..... | 14,130 |                     |       |
| New Jersey.....    | 1,961  |                     |       |
| New York.....      | 7,206  |                     |       |

*Territories.*

|                           |       |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Arizona.....              | 441   |
| Dakota.....               | 1,494 |
| District of Columbia..... | 855   |
| Idaho.....                | 381   |
| Montana.....              | 603   |
| New Mexico.....           | 117   |
| Utah.....                 | 375   |
| Washington.....           | 1,882 |
| Wyoming.....              | 229   |

Fully one-half of the territory of Maine is unimproved, not because of its sterility, but for various reasons, prominent among which has been the lack of interest taken by the State in making its abundant resources known, and in holding out inducements to settlers and manufacturers. Several years ago the State sold all of its public lands, so that it has none to grant for homesteads; but yet there are large tracts of desirable land in Aroostook County and in the eastern and northern portions of the State which are ready for sale for farms and homes at prices which would give purchasers advantages over other, and, in many respects, less favored localities.

Aroostook County, extending across the northern portion of the State, and with an area considerably larger than the State of Massachusetts, contains as good farming land as can be found in the eastern States. Its climate, though somewhat rigorous, is uniform for long periods, and exceedingly salubrious. The growing season is somewhat shorter than at more southern points in Maine, but the rapidity of growth, when once begun, is something unparalleled in New England. Crops mature rapidly, and the land never fails to yield abundant returns for the care bestowed upon it. Snow generally falls before the ground is frozen, and remains till spring opens, a warm blanket covering the ground, with no alternations of freezing and thawing. The soil, being porous, rapidly absorbs the superfluous moisture in the spring time, and as soon as the snow is gone the land is ready to receive the crops. This peculiarity of the climate enables cattle to obtain good pasturage till snow falls, and in the spring the stock again find good sweet herbage awaiting them about as soon as the snow disappears. In this respect Aroostook County possesses advantages over nearly all the agricultural sections of New England. In addition to the agricul-



tural, dairying and lumber manufacturing interests of the county, the manufacture of potato starch is a great industry, and at present confined almost exclusively to that section of the State. The first starch factory was erected in 1875, but there are now thirty-two in the county, consuming, annually, 1,750,000 bushels of potatoes, and producing 7,400 tons of starch. The average capacity of the factories is about 75,000 bushels of potatoes, but one of the factories in 1884 converted 100,000 bushels into 500 tons of starch.

The counties of Franklin, Somerset, Piscataquis, Hancock and Washington are thinly settled, but within the next twenty years will become developed and occupied to an extent now little dreamed of. Several lines of railroad are now under construction and contemplated through these counties, which will render them more accessible, and will prove valuable auxiliaries in promoting their settlement and in developing their manufacturing facilities.

Between 1860 and 1880 only four of the New England States (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts) made any increase in the value of their orchard products. Maine's increase largely exceeded either of the other States, amounting to \$610,259. The increase in New Hampshire was \$414,357; Vermont, \$429,249; Massachusetts, \$79,784. The decrease in Rhode Island was \$24,940, and in Connecticut, \$52,602. The percentage of increase in Maine was 121.62; in New Hampshire, 74.28; Vermont, 202.7; Massachusetts, 8.62. The decrease in Rhode Island was 29.8 per cent, and in Connecticut, 10.33 per cent.

The increase in the value of dairy products for the same period was, in Maine 1,784,053 pounds; in Vermont, 2,671,226 pounds. In New Hampshire there was a decrease of 1,134,508 pounds; in Massachusetts of 3,106,911 pounds; in Rhode Island of 129,004 pounds; and in Connecticut of 2,494,133 pounds. The percentage of increase in Maine was 13.23; in Vermont, 11.07. The percentage of decrease in New Hampshire was 12.34; in Massachusetts, 22.78; in Rhode Island, 10.72; and in Connecticut, 21.65.

The increase in the value of live stock in Maine between 1860 and 1880 was \$1,061,843. In Vermont the increase amounted to \$344,206; in Massachusetts, \$219,260; Rhode Island, \$212,098. There was a decrease in New Hampshire for the same period, amounting to \$1,112,563, and in Connecticut the decrease amounted to \$351,783. The percentage of increase in Maine was 6.87; in Vermont, 2.12; Massachusetts, 1.72; Rhode Island, 10.38. The percentage of decrease in New Hampshire was 10.18, and in Connecticut, 3.11.

The total land surface in Maine is 19,132,800 acres, of which amount, .342, or a little more than one-third, is included in the farms of the State, which number 64,309, of which 61,528 are cultivated by their owners.

## MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

The manufacturing interests of Maine have abundant opportunity for expansion. A large number of the most valuable water-powers of the State are as yet undeveloped, but are each year becoming more accessible as the railroad system of the State is improved. Between 1860 and 1880 the number of manufacturing establishments in the State increased from 3,810 to 4,481; the amount of capital invested, from \$22,044,020 to \$49,988,171; the number of hands employed, from 34,619 to 52,954; the amount of wages paid, from \$8,368,691 to \$13,623,318; the value of materials consumed, from \$21,553,066 to \$51,120,708; and the value of the product, from \$38,193,254 to \$79,829,793.

The total amount of power used by the manufacturing establishments of the State in 1880 was 100,476 horse-power, 79,717 of water-power, and 20,759 of steam-power.

The largest amount of capital invested in any single industry is in the manufacture of cotton goods, \$15,292,078; the next largest is in the manufacture of lumber, \$6,339,396; next comes the manufacture of woolen goods, \$3,876,028; tanned leather, \$2,459,700; paper, \$1,995,000; foundry and machine shop products, \$1,793,720; boots and shoes (including custom work and repairing), \$1,485,400; mixed textiles, \$1,290,380; flouring and grist mill products, \$993,500; lime, \$942,150; canned fruits and vegetables, \$926,535; ship-building, \$811,750; printing and publishing, \$747,600; agricultural implements, \$726,300; oil cloth, \$695,000; dyeing and finishing textiles, \$593,500.

## OTHER INDUSTRIES.

At the Philadelphia Centennial, Maine slate won the first prize for "strength, durability and permanence of color." The first slate quarry in the State was opened in 1828, and in 1884 there were eight companies, with a capital of \$480,000, operating quarries in Monson and Brownville, giving employment to 394 hands, and turning out a product valued at \$172,000.

The manufacture of lime in Knox County during the past year amounted to 1,478,996 casks. Limestone is found in nearly every county in Maine, but it has not been profitably worked anywhere except in Rockland, Camden and Thomaston.

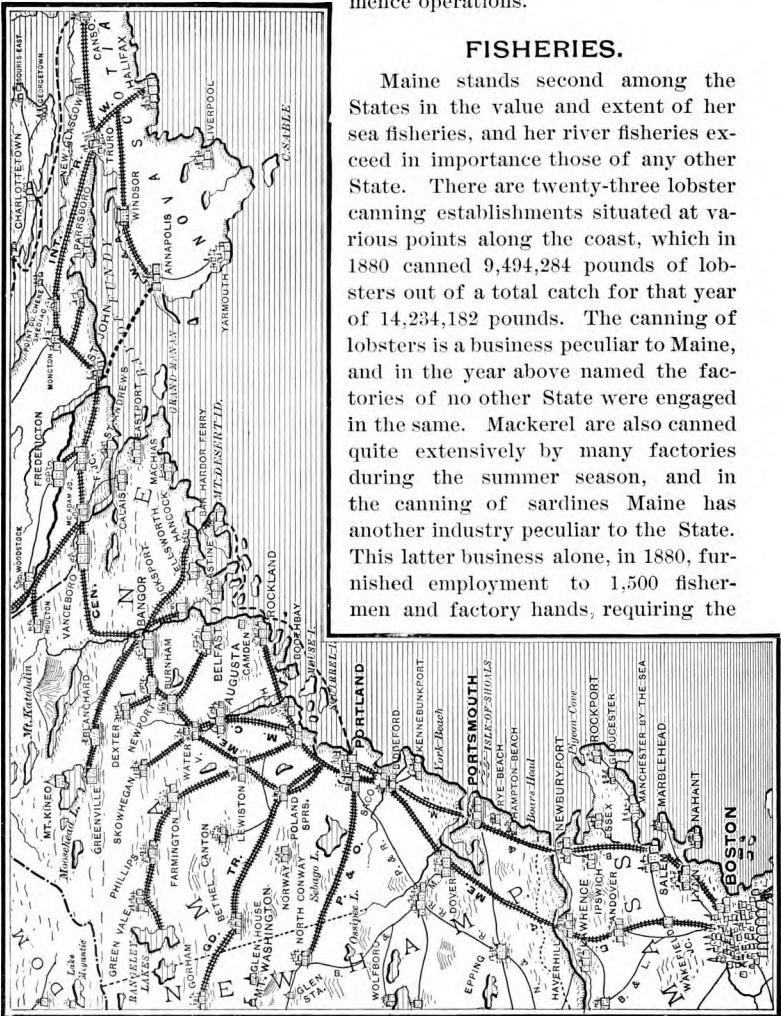
A business of from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 is annually done by the granite companies of the State in quarrying and manufacturing granite into monumental and other kinds of work.

There are fifteen large sole leather tanneries in the State, having a total annual consumption of 103,000 cords of hemlock bark. For a number of years 24,000 cords of hemlock bark have annually been manufactured into tanning extract by three large bark extract works, and this product has also been consumed by the tanneries. At Winn is located the largest tannery in the world; being 600 feet long, 80 feet wide, containing 700 vats, and using 55 cords of hemlock bark daily.

At Katahdin Iron Works, so named because of the iron smelting furnaces that have been operated there for forty years, there is a valuable deposit of bog iron, which is pronounced the best in the country for the manufacture of car wheels. When the furnaces are operated, the company draw from them from fifteen to eighteen tons of ore daily. The works were burned two years ago, but are now ready to re-commence operations.

## FISHERIES.

Maine stands second among the States in the value and extent of her sea fisheries, and her river fisheries exceed in importance those of any other State. There are twenty-three lobster canning establishments situated at various points along the coast, which in 1880 canned 9,494,284 pounds of lobsters out of a total catch for that year of 14,234,182 pounds. The canning of lobsters is a business peculiar to Maine, and in the year above named the factories of no other State were engaged in the same. Mackerel are also canned quite extensively by many factories during the summer season, and in the canning of sardines Maine has another industry peculiar to the State. This latter business alone, in 1880, furnished employment to 1,500 fishermen and factory hands, requiring the



AN IDEA OF HOW THE DOOR-YARD IS LAID OUT.

investment of \$400,000 capital, and yielding a product valued at \$825,000.

In 1880, the river fisheries of the State gave employment to 1,591 men, with a capital of \$78,303, and yielded a product valued at \$125,046. The State Fish Commissioners have for several years been engaged in re-stocking the rivers with edible fish, and have annually placed in the larger rivers and lakes a million salmon fry, and a very large number of the fry of the black bass, whitefish, trout and other fish, and the best results are following this work of the Commissioners.

## ICE BUSINESS.

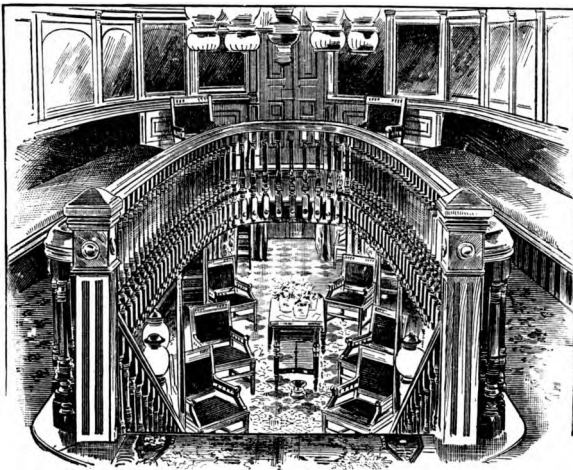
The cutting, storing and shipping of ice to the Southern States has grown to be a large business, and is capable of almost indefinite expansion. The business has been developed within about a decade, but now there are nearly a million tons of ice cut annually, of which amount all but about 100,000 tons are shipped to points south. The banks of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers are lined with large ice-houses, and the rivers present a lively appearance in the winter, when the several thousand men and horses are engaged in cutting and storing this natural product of the North. The total capacity of the ice-houses of the State is 1,500,000 tons; the amount of capital invested, \$2,000,000; number of hands employed when cutting and storing ice, 6,500. Several of the companies operating upon the Maine rivers belong in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other points outside of the State. These companies usually cut ice only for their own consumption. There is an almost steady annual increase in the number and capacity of the ice-houses upon the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, as new markets are found for this natural product. About all of the ice cut for a market is shipped to points south of New York.



## CHAPTER VII.

HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS THROUGH  
OUR DOOR-YARD.

NOTHING adds so greatly to the tourist's enjoyment as regular facilities for reaching the chosen goal, which also allow a change of base, a side trip, or an excursion from one point to another, to be made with equal facility. In this the summer visitor to the playground of our country, Maine, is especially happy. Highways of steel here connect by-ways of stage and steamer until every quarter of our Door-yard is reached by safe and sure conveyance.



SALOON OF STEAMER SAPPHO.

First and foremost among these steel pathways,—recognized throughout the length and breadth of our land as an important factor in the great railroad system of the country,—the Maine Central Railroad is particularly a Maine institution, every rail and tie composing its lines resting upon the broad bosom of “the Pine Tree State.” Its main stem extends from Portland, the metropolis of the State, and most important seaport, 250 miles east to Vanceboro’, on the boundary line between the United States and the Province of New Brunswick; while its branches, like arms from the parent stem, extend in all directions, and reach nearly all the prominent towns of the State. The total mileage of the system, at present writing, is 535 miles, made up as follows:—

|                    |   |  |   |                                   |   |       |
|--------------------|---|--|---|-----------------------------------|---|-------|
| Main Line, -       | - | Portland to Vanceboro’,                | - | -                                 | - | 250.7 |
| “                  | “ | -                                      | - | Cumberland Junction to Skowhegan, | - | 90.7  |
| Farmington Branch, |   | Bath to Lewiston and Farmington,       | - |                                   |   | 75.9  |
| Belfast            | “ | Burnham Junction to Belfast,           | - | -                                 |   | 33.1  |
| Dexter             | “ | Newport Junction to Dexter,            | - | -                                 |   | 14.0  |
| Bucksport          | “ | Bangor to Bucksport,                   | - | -                                 | - | 18.1  |
| Stillwater         | “ | Orono to Stillwater,                   | - | -                                 | - | 3.0   |
| Mt. Desert         | “ | Bangor to Bar Harbor, including Ferry, |   |                                   |   | 49.5  |

In addition to the rail lines, this company owns and operates the steamboat lines in Frenchman’s Bay,—the magnificent new Bath-built ferry steamer “Sappho,” containing the first triple expansion engine ever constructed in this country,—built expressly for the purpose of conveying passengers and baggage from Mt. Desert Ferry (the terminus of the rail line) to Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, seven miles away,—forming one of the fleet. The Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Steamboat Co. is also operated (as an independent corporation) by the Maine Central Railroad Co., and with the favorite steamer “City of Richmond” makes semi-weekly trips between Portland, Southwest, Northeast and Bar Harbors, on Mt. Desert Island, and Millbridge, Jonesport and Machiasport further east.

The nucleus from whence has sprung this vast system of railroad and steam navigation lines was formed in May, 1845, on the eighteenth day of which month was chartered the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad Co., extending from Danville Junction, on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence (now the Grand Trunk Railway), to Waterville, 54.6 miles east. This road was opened to the public November 27, 1849.

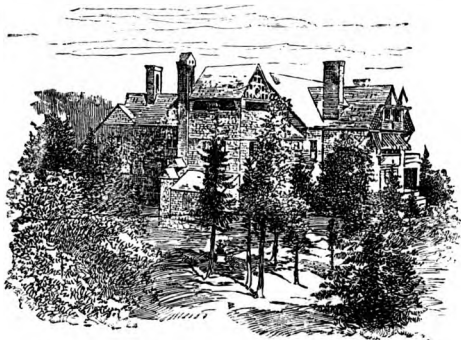
The Penobscot & Kennebec Railroad Co. was chartered April 7, 1845, and completed its road from Waterville to Bangor, 54.9 miles, in August, 1855.

On October 28, 1862, these two companies were consolidated, under the name of the Maine Central Railroad Co.

The Portland & Kennebec Railroad Co. was originally chartered April 1, 1836, and completed its road from Portland to Augusta, 63



miles, with a branch of 9 miles from Brunswick to Bath, January 1, 1851. In addition to its own road, the Portland & Kennebec Railroad Co. operated under lease the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad, extending from Augusta to Skowhegan, 37.4 miles.



"MOSSLEY HALL," MT. DESERT.

In 1870 an agreement for the lease of these lines was entered into, and on the 13th of November, 1871, the Maine Central Railroad completed and opened an extension of its road from Danville Junction to Cumberland Junction, 18.3 miles, the object being to secure an independent line into Portland.



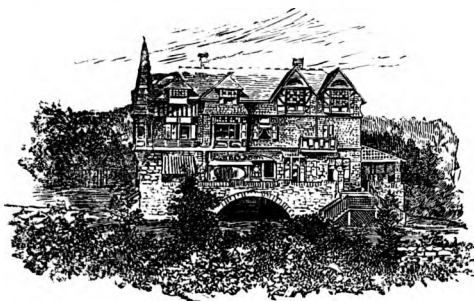
"BEAUDESERT," MT. DESERT.

June 29, 1871, the Androscoggin Railroad, Brunswick to Leeds Junction, 34.9 miles, and Crowley's Junction to Lewiston, 4.7 miles, was leased by the Maine Central; and by this lease, which was virtually a consolidation of the two companies, the latter also acquired control of the Leeds & Farmington Railroad, an extension of the Androscoggin from Leeds Junction to Farmington, 36.3 miles.

By act of February 26, 1873, a consolidation was effected between the Maine Central, Portland & Kennebec, Somerset & Kennebec, the

Leeds & Farmington and Androscoggin Railroad companies, forming the present Maine Central Corporation,—the consolidation going into effect November 16, 1874.

Since the building of the lines mentioned, the mileage has been increased by the lease of the Belfast & Moosehead Railroad (Belfast Branch, so called), April 27, 1871; the Dexter & Newport Railroad (Dexter Branch), December 1, 1868; the Eastern Maine Railroad (Bucksport Branch), May 1, 1883; and the more important European & North American Railway (Bangor to Vanceboro', 114.10 miles), April 1, 1882; and the building by the Maine Central of the Mt. Desert Branch, using the charter of the *Maine Shore Line Railway*, under the terms of a perpetual lease; this road, extending from Bangor to Mt. Desert Ferry, a distance of 41.7 miles, was opened to the public June 28, 1884.



"STANWOOD," MT. DESERT.

The equipment of the Maine Central leaves nothing to be desired. Its fine well-ballasted road-bed, magnificent rolling stock, elegant coaches, fast trains (this being the line over which the Flying Yankee is run), and steamers replete with every luxury of travel, coupled with a wise and far-seeing management, adopting a liberal policy, ever ready to adopt any and all new appliances calculated to enhance the comfort or safety of its patrons, place the line in the first rank among American railroads.

The fact that the Maine Central was the second to adopt the vestibule Pullman train, only one month behind the "New York and Chicago Limited" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and making three miles per hour faster time than it, with the longest run on earth (Portland to Bangor, 139 miles) without stopping, giving for it the name of "The Cyclone," with locomotives built expressly for the purpose, "scooping" their supply of water from track tanks twice during the run, tends to show the progressive management which provides such facilities, and others: express trains, making all possible speed with fewest stops; swift and sure connections at numerous junction points; every facility as regards tickets and baggage,—its agents being able to ticket passengers

and check their baggage at a moment's notice to any point in the United States and Canada having railroad or steamboat facilities; courteous, gentlemanly and obliging train and station employés; picturesque, well-ordered station buildings, surrounded in most cases by flower beds and shrubbery, which has gained for the Maine Central the significant soubriquet of "The Dude Line"; and while paying attention to this last minor detail, which adds a charm to the beautiful scenery through which passes its trains, not overlooking the more important one of safety, as its magnificent record of one million and a quarter passengers carried each year during the past ten years without injury to life or limb of the thousands who throng its trains will amply testify.

While the Maine Central may be classed as a single-track road, yet the double track between Portland and Cumberland Junction, eleven miles, completed in 1887, virtually provides a double track from Portland to Waterville, a distance of 84 miles, as at Cumberland the two routes of the road diverge, one running via Auburn and Lewiston, the other via Brunswick and Augusta, until they meet again at Waterville.

### CONNECTIONS.

Numerous other lines are tributary to the Maine Central, and from its terminals reach out still farther along the shore and into the woods of Maine. Yet, aside from their independent management, one would suppose them part of the larger system, with so much care has the arrangement of through cars and close connections been perfected.

Such is the Knox & Lincoln Railroad, extending from the Kennebec, at Bath, through the counties whose names it has adopted to Rockland, passing through the coast towns of Wiscasset, New Castle, Waldoboro', Warren and Thomaston, from whence through cars are run direct between Rockland and Boston on all principal trains. The Somerset Railroad, from Oakland, the Maine Central terminus, through Norridgewock, Madison and Anson to North Anson. The Seabasticook & Moosehead Railroad, intersecting the Maine Central at Pittsfield, and extending eight miles to Hartland, through Palmyra, a section but newly introduced to the locomotive whistle.

Further on, at Oldtown, a junction is formed with the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, for Moosehead Lake, its rails now extending to Greenville, at the border of the lake, through many populous towns and villages of Piscataquis County.

At Yarmouth and Danville Junctions the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway connect for and from Montreal and the West; while at Portland, in the magnificent new Union station just completed, passengers find waiting, trains for Boston and all local points upon the route thereto, and through Boston to all points west and south.

Last, but not least, at the eastern terminal at Vanceboro', connections are made with trains of the New Brunswick Railway, for all points in northeastern Maine and the Maritime Provinces.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PATHWAY OUT AND BEYOND.



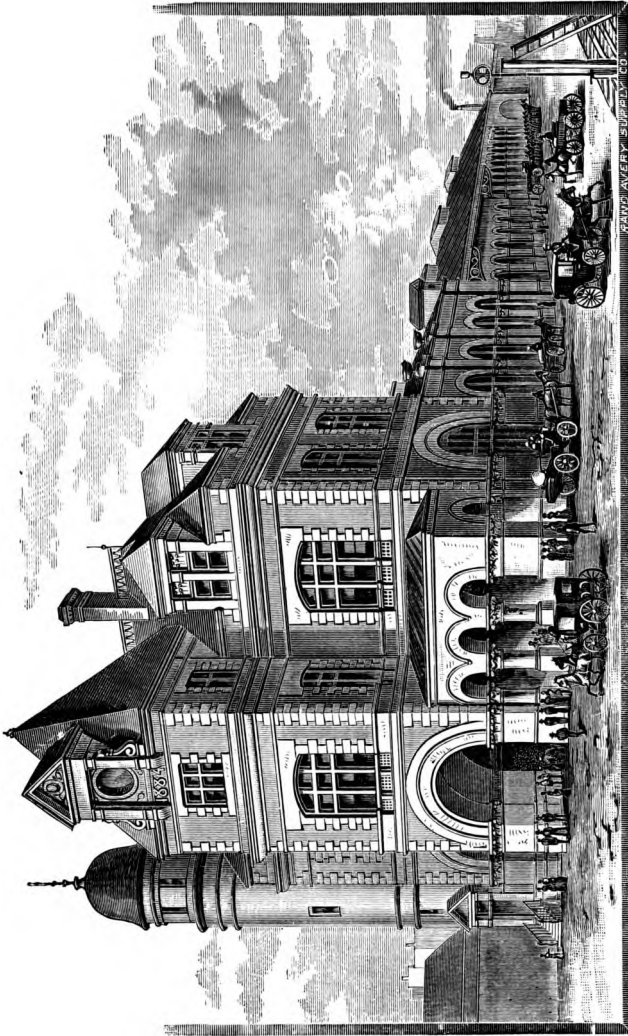
STRETCHING away from the eastern boundary of the State of Maine, a vast country under British dominion reaches to the sea through the fogs which shroud the shores of Newfoundland. A vast country, as little known to the larger number of the citizens of "The States," which adjoin it, as the British possessions of the new Northwest, and possessing a greater amount of interest, from their early settlement and history. Here are the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with Prince Edward Island and the island of Cape Breton narrowly separated therefrom by the Northumberland Straits and the Strait of Canso.

Through the latter's narrow portals sails the New England fishing fleet on the way to and from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland or the famous codfishing grounds outside the famous "THREE-MILE LIMIT" from these shores.

No finer tour beyond the State of Maine can be found than that which takes the traveler northward and eastward over the Maine Central Railroad, passing the national boundary line at Vanceboro' and continuing via Fredericton Junction to St. John. The final dozen miles are along the shores of the great St. John River of the north, affording a lovely chain of marine vistas.

The fine old city of St. John, though devastated by fire, has largely recovered from its misfortune, and presents to the new-comer a variety of noteworthy attractions. Within two years only, solid trains have been able to enter the city proper over the famous cantilever bridge, spanning the narrow and wild gorge of the outlet of the St. John, thus necessitating the present noble passenger station, and opening unbroken rail traffic with Halifax. The great tides of the Bay of Fundy, famous for their volume the world over, are interesting in their effect at St. John, the most marvellous result appearing in the *reversible cataract* just above the suspension and cantilever bridges, the water

falling in one direction during the flowing, and the opposite during the ebbing tides, over a ledge of rocks, and yet offering safe passage for large vessels at the flood.



The drive along the “Mahogany Road” and to the fortified head-land opposite the city is very fine.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway, destined for Halifax, leave from the superb new station at which the traveler arrives, the time in transit being about twelve hours.

The route traverses a varied and often picturesque country, with amphibious glimpses as we approach the bays at the head of the greater Bay of Fundy. At Moncton, junction is made with the division of the Intercolonial Railway, which reaches northward and connects with Quebec. At Painsec Junction a short branch leads to the steamer for Prince Edward Island. Another division from Truro courses eastward to Pictou and Cape Breton.

A steamer also leaves St. John every alternate morning for the opposite coast of Nova Scotia, which stains the southeastern horizon in clear weather forty miles away. Entering Digby Gut into the placid Annapolis Basin, a stop is made at the pretty little town of Digby and the vessel headed for Annapolis, dinner being served on board. The approach to Annapolis, nestled behind its grassy fort, is very charming. The waiting train bows eastward up the fertile valley of the Annapolis River, famous for its wonderful apple crops. The interest centres in the approach to the Basin of Minas and the site of the village of Grand Pre, the opening scene of the immortal poem of "*Evangeline*."

The fine old city of Halifax attracts the stranger, and a few days spent here will prove rich in reminiscence. Here the red-coated British regular is encountered. At present, this is the only point where he may be met upon the continent. The huge fortress gives a noble view of the harbor, where one or more vast ironclads of the royal navy are usually at anchor and open to visitors. Fine drives through the beautiful city park are taken as a matter of course.

The return from Halifax to "The States" may be made to St. John via Annapolis or in the through parlor and sleeping cars of the Intercolonial Railway.

Through sleepers also leave Halifax and St. John upon alternate days for Quebec and Montreal.

The tourist or angler visiting the Provinces via this route is always assured of a more comfortable journey, with fewer changes than by any other route.

The sportsman bound for the famous salmon rivers of New Brunswick proceeds from Moncton over the northern division of the Intercolonial Railway to Kent Junction. Here a branch railway runs twenty-seven miles down to the coast to the quaint little town of Kent and Richibucto, the latter being a name of a resort now likely to become famous. The "Beaches," a large and thoroughly well-managed hotel, will give a welcome, and there will be found here a wide diversity of enjoyments by "flood and field," which embrace all the usual features of cultivated seaside life, and the best of shooting and fishing.



Little can be said to assist any one in making a choice between the different streams of the Provinces affording fine salmon fishing, except that there be no fear of disappointment in selecting either. The SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI is reached in a fifteen-miles' ride from Kent station, noted above. From the point where the road from the station strikes the river to Boiestown is sixty miles. At this point the fisherman will either return as he came or proceed by highway to Fredericton. The best salmon-hole is at Burnt Hill, about twenty-five miles down the stream from the point of embarkation. Other favorite places are the Clearwater Rocky Bend, Rocky Brook and Three-Mile Rapids. The salmon are not as large as on the Restigouche, being rarely taken above twenty-five pounds in weight; but they are very gamey, and he who kills one of them need not fear to try his hand at a forty-pounder. As an instance of the abundance of these noble fish, it may be mentioned that one of the owners of the fishing-privileges on the stream took twenty salmon and grilse in an afternoon. On one occasion he killed five full-grown salmon, and hooked the sixth, but lost him, within an hour at the Rocky Bend. The right of fishing on the Southwest Miramichi belongs to private persons; but heretofore no objection has been made to strangers going thither, and the writer has been informed by one of the proprietors that the stream is open to the public for fly-fishing.

The outlet of the Miramichi River is the bay of the same name, forming an arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The numerous rivers and streams which flow into this and other bays which indent the *North Coast*, to and including the famous "*Baie Des Chaleurs*," afford exciting sport in salmon fishing. The Tabusintac and Tracadie rivers are especially famous. The forests are well filled with caribou and other large game.

At Bathurst is the Nepisquit river and bay. At Dalhousie that gem of a hotel, the "Inch-Arran," is found, and at Campbellton the heart of the fishing region is reached. Here is the magnificent Bay of Chaleur, and near by the greatest salmon ground in America,—the Metapediac and Restigouche. From this point the Cascapedia is reached; the grand quartette of streams, Miramichi, Metapediac, Restigouche and Cascapediac, so frequently described by eminent writers and pictured by famous artists, are names engraven upon the hearts of every fisherman.

Sportsmen may locate their families at comfortable hotels at every point of resort along this interesting route. The Intercolonial Railway leads northwest from this point to the southern shore of the broad lower St. Lawrence, past the well-known resorts of Rimouski and Cacouna. From Riviere du Loup (the port of Cacouna), crossing may be made by steamer to Tadousac, the fine old mission village at the mouth of the Saguenay, daily passenger steamers touching here for Chicoutimi, at the head of navigation of the latter stream, passing the

most stupendous scenery in any portion of the eastern half of our continent. A new railway from Lake St. John connects by a rapid run with Quebec, or the tourist may continue by steamer via Murray Bay to the "Walled City of the North," or again taking the train of the Intercolonial Railway at Riviere du Loup, reach Quebec via the south shore of the St. Lawrence. It is not too much to say that Quebec is the most picturesque city upon the continent. Thence a variety of agreeable routes suggest themselves in returning homeward.

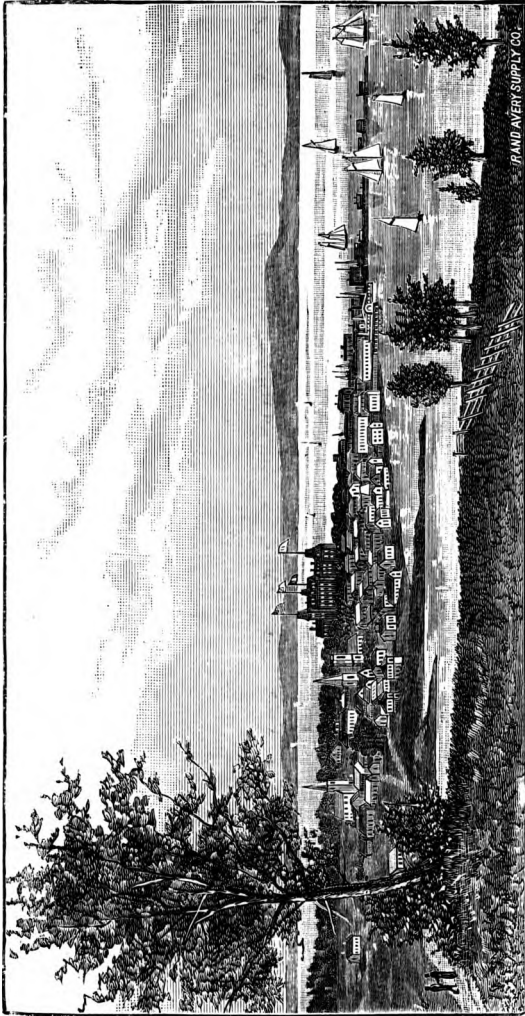
This journey in reverse will be found equally entertaining by tourists coming from western points.



TOBIQUE NARROWS.

Multitudinous are the streams, lakes and rivers of the Maritime Provinces, affording fine fishing grounds. The Restigouche and its tributary, the Metapediac, are names engraven deep upon the hearts of all true anglers; while others—as the Tobique, Madawaska, and the many tributaries of the St. John, not so far remote as the famous salmon streams of the northern Provinces, easily reached in a day's journey from the border of our Door-yard, having their sources in forest lakes, about which are the haunts of the moose and caribou—flow through a country rich in game of all kinds, which, with the excellent fishing here to be enjoyed, attract each season their quota of visitors from among the disciples of rod and gun.

Here, also, the high rocky headlands which are so marked along the sea-girt border of our Door-yard are seized upon by capitalists, both of the States and from the native population, and turned into summer



ST. ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

resting retreats. Among them, none are more attractive than the historic old town of St. Andrews, in New Brunswick. Situated upon a narrow peninsula extending into the beautiful Passamaquoddy Bay,

at the mouth of the St. Croix River, which forms the eastern boundary between the States and Provinces, St. Andrews enjoys every facility of travel, being reached by through trains from Boston and by steamers direct to Eastport, where a change is necessary to the river steamer. The town was founded about a century ago, and was once strongly fortified by the British Government; some remains of the works erected at the time still exist. Under military supervision the town was laid out in square blocks; the streets are wide, and kept in good order. There are numerous shady drives about town, and suburban roads full of interest and presenting many picturesque views, that from Chamcook Mountain, five miles distant, being particularly grand.

From Hotel Argyll, which occupies a tongue of land reaching far out into its waters, Passamaquoddy Bay presents the appearance of an immense lake, so completely landlocked is its harbor by the outlying islands which form a safe barrier against the sea fogs, which in the inner bay are very seldom encountered. Owing to its position, entirely surrounded by the waters of the bay, the atmosphere of St. Andrews is always delightfully cool, and a sovereign remedy against that troublesome complaint, hay-fever. The "Argyll" is a large structure, with rooms for over two hundred guests, and is pleasantly situated on elevated ground. This hotel has to offer, besides the charm of beautiful and health-giving situation, that of fine yachting in smooth water (the islands which exclude the fog also protecting from the sea, for while the waters of the ocean are thundering against their rugged sides, this bay is undisturbed by their violence), salt-water fishing, both in-shore and deep-sea, and fine trout fishing within a short drive from the house. In fact, for all the recreations of a summer holiday St. Andrews is unsurpassed. Coupled with its sports, the general air of restfulness which hangs over the entire village and vicinity is conducive to the thorough enjoyment of those who make their holidays a genuine recreation.



## CHAPTER IX.

## AN INVITATION.



YOU who have so far perused the pages of this book, —do you not feel the need of a respite from the fetters of business? There is no rest can equal change of scene and labor. In the invitation to visit Maine and the Provinces, the railroad line which offers the pointers for travelers contained within these covers is making no covert grab at your purse, but with the firm conviction that the “playground of our country” can furnish the equivalent for every dollar expended in renewed health and inspiration gathered from blissful summer days passed in the pursuit of pleasure far from the busy haunts of man and the daily grind of business. Maine offers a choice of pleasures, and invites all to participate therein. Here is room enough for all. Do you seek pleasures afield? Here is the very paradise of sportsmen. Society? Newport and Saratoga stand rivalled to-day by Maine’s summer resorts of wealth and fashion. Quiet rest? Choose from an hundred retreats by sea-shore and mountain lake, where with all home comforts your wish may be gratified. Here one never hears the cry, “Children not wanted.” Maine has room upon her broad lap for all the little ones, and she will give them health, and return them to their homes with ruddy cheeks and bodies strengthened by out-door play in an atmosphere that knows not contagion. Seek with them a retreat from the close air of the cities,—the “inner rooms” to the great “Front Door-yard of our country.”

## GAME LAWS OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

Rather than give verbatim these laws as they appear in the statutes of the State, with their many repetitions and general incomprehensiveness, we have chosen rather to condense into the form given below all that is necessary to know for the purpose of keeping within the law regarding the

### CLOSE TIME FOR GAME AND INLAND FISH.

For moose, deer or caribou, January 1 to October 1. For deer on Mt. Desert Island, January 1 to November 1, and no person is allowed to have in his possession between October 1 and January 1 more than one moose, two caribou and three deer. For mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher or musk rat, May 1 to October 15. For wood duck, black duck, dusky duck, sea duck, May 1 to September 1, except on sea-coast. For ruffed grouse, partridge or woodcock, December 1 to September 1, and cannot be transported out the State at any season. For quail, pin-nated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, January 1 to September 1. For plover, May 1 to August 1, and it is unlawful to kill or transport larks, robins, swallows, sparrows or orioles or other insect-ivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, at any time. Sunday is a close time for all game and birds. For landlocked salmon, trout and togue, October 1 to May 1, excepting on St. Croix and tributaries and waters in Kennebec County, September 15 to May 1; also on certain streams around Rangeley Lakes, from July 1 to May 1. Citizens of the State, however, may fish for and convey to their homes during February, March and April, excepting on the Rangeley Lakes. For black bass and white perch, April 1 to July 1. None of fish named to be taken at any time except in ordinary mode of angling with single baited hook or artificial flies. For salmon, from July 15 to April 1, but may be taken, with single baited hook or artificial flies, from April 1 to September 15.

Landlocked salmon and trout not to be transported except in possession of the owner, and *not more than fifty pounds of both together* to be allowed any one person.



# RATES FOR SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS

ISSUED VIA THE  
**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD**

— AND —

**Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Steamboat Co.**

TICKETS sold JUNE 1 to SEPTEMBER 30 inclusive, good for a  
RETURN PASSAGE until NOVEMBER 1.

|   | Rates from<br>Boston. | Rates from<br>Portland. |
|---|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Bar Harbor and return</i> , via All Rail Line.....   | \$14.00               | \$11.00                 |
| <i>Bar Harbor and return</i> , limited to continuous passage<br>in both directions.....   | 11.50                 | 8.50                    |
| <i>Bar Harbor and return</i> , via Bath and Rockland .....  | 10.00                 | 7.00                    |
| <i>Bar Harbor</i> , via All Rail Line, returning via steamer<br>to Rockland or Portland, thence rail or <i>vice versa</i> , ..... | 12.00                 | 9.00                    |
| <i>Bar Harbor and return</i> , via Steamer "City of Rich-<br>mond" from and to Portland.....                                      | 10.00                 | 7.00                    |
| <i>Blue Hill and return</i> , via Steamer "City of Richmond"<br>from and to Portland.....   | 8.00                  | 5.00                    |
| <i>Boothbay and return</i> , via Bath.....  | 6.75                  | 2.50                    |
| <i>Caribou, Me., and return</i> , via Vanceboro' and Wood-<br>stock.....  | 18.00                 | 15.00                   |
| <i>Castine, Me., and return</i> , via Steamer "City of Rich-<br>mond" from and to Portland.....                                   | 7.00                  | 4.00                    |
| <i>Charlottetown and return</i> , via St. John, Point du Chene<br>and Summerside.....   | 24.00                 | 21.00                   |
| <i>Deer Isle, Me., and return</i> , via Steamer "City of Rich-<br>mond" from and to Portland .....                                | 7.50                  | 4.50                    |
| <i>Eustis or Smith's Farm and return</i> , via Strong and<br>Kingfield .....  | 13.00                 | 10.00                   |
| <i>Fort Fairfield and return</i> , via Vanceboro' and Wood-<br>stock.....   | 18.00                 | 15.00                   |
| <i>Fredericton, N.B., and return</i> , via Vanceboro' and Fred-<br>erickton Junction.....   | 15.00                 | 12.00                   |
| <i>Halifax, N.S., and return</i> , via Vanceboro', St. John and<br>Moncton.....   | 22.50                 | 19.50                   |
| <i>Halifax, N.S., and return</i> , via Vanceboro', St. John<br>and Annapolis .....  | 21.75                 | 18.75                   |

|   | Rates from<br>Boston. | Rates from<br>Portland. |
|---|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Indian Rock and return</i> , via Phillips and Rangeley Outlet, \$13.75 \$10.75         |                       |                         |
| <i>Kingfield and return</i> , via Farmington and Strong.....                              | 10.50                 | 7.50                    |
| <i>Mount Kineo House (Moosehead Lake) and return</i> , via<br>Oldtown and Greenville..... | 15.00                 | 12.00                   |
| <i>Mount Kineo House and return</i> , with Bar Harbor Side<br>Trip.....                   | 18.50                 | 15.50                   |
| <i>Phillips and return</i> , via Farmington.....  | 10.00                 | 6.50                    |
| <i>Poland Spring and return</i> .....   | 6.00                  | 2.60                    |
| <i>Presque Isle and return</i> , via Vanceboro' and Woodstock,                            | 18.65                 | 15.65                   |
| <i>Rangeley Lake and return</i> , via Phillips.....                                       | 12.50                 | 9.50                    |
| <i>St. Andrews, N.B., and return</i> , via Bangor and Vance-<br>boro' .....               | Special.              |                         |
| <i>St. John, N.B., and return</i> , via Bangor and Vanceboro',                            | 15.00                 | 12.00                   |
| <i>Southwest Harbor and return</i> , via Bath and Rockland..                              | 9.00                  | 6.00                    |
| <i>Southwest Harbor</i> , via Steamer "City of Richmond"<br>from and to Portland.....     | 9.00                  | 6.00                    |
| <i>Summerside, P.E.I., and return</i> , via St. John and Point<br>du Chene .....          | 21.75                 | 18.75                   |

In addition to above, low rates are named for all important points in Cape Breton.

## EXCURSION TICKETS

are procurable at the ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad; the N. Y., N. H. & Hartford Railroad; the Fall River, Norwich and Stonington Lines; at the Agencies of Thomas Cook & Son, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis; at the Ticket Offices Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads; and at the principal Ticket Offices throughout the country.

For further information, address the General Passenger Agent at Portland.







